YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ FEB. 2
VOL. 3, NO. 33
1945

By the men . . . for the men in the service

HUNTING SNIPERS

From Ireland to Italy With 34th Division Veterans

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S/Sgt. Stanley Setka of Riceville, Iowa, one of the few remaining "Jan. 26" men in the 1st Battalion of the 133d Infantry, is an antitank squad leader.

S/Sgt. Jerry Snoble of Hazleton, Iowa, is another veteran. He served in a rifle platoon and was wounded in Tunisia. Now he's company supply sergeant.

The old-timers of this 34th Division outfit have sweated it out longer than any other infantrymen in Europe—three years overseas with 350 days spent in the front lines of Tunisia and Italy.

Pfc. Henke in Ireland, 1942.

Iron

S/Sgt. Max Shepherd is the other Waterloo (Iowa) man who has stayed with the outfit. His father, Maj. Lloyd Shepherd, used to be the battalion commander.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY, YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Most of us were still waiting for our first notice from the draft board on the day that Pfc. Milburn H. Henke of Hutchinson, Minn., walked down the gangplank at Belfast, Northern Ireland, in a 1918 helmet, blouse, necktie, full field pack, M1, gas mask and canvas leggings, and posed on the dock, smiling, for pictures that later appeared in practically every newspaper in the States. That was Jan. 26, 1942. Henke was the center of all that attention because he was the first American soldier in this war to set foot in the European theater.

Henke is back in the States now, reclassified as limited service, with an excellent combat record in Tunisia where he served as communications sergeant in a rifle company and won the Silver Star. But his old outfit, the 1st Battalion of the 133d Infantry in the veteran 34th (Red Bull) Division, is still here, finishing its third year overseas and sweating out its third straight winter in the front lines.

Only a few of the original GIs who landed with Henke in Belfast are left now—fewer than 60 out of the whole battalion. In Henke's old company (Baker Company) there are seven. They have more overseas time than any other infantrymen in Europe today, because the 1st Battalion arrived in Belfast a couple of weeks ahead of the other early Infantry units in that first American Expeditionary Force. If you showed them the pictures taken on the dock, they would have a hard time recognizing themselves. They have almost forgotten what blouses, neckties, gas masks and canvas leggings look like.

Few, if any, infantrymen in any theater of operations have seen more combat than they have in the last two years. The battalion fought the whole Tunisian campaign, including Hill 609, and it has been in the line in Italy since late September 1943, with only one rest period that lasted more than a month.

You can get some idea of the terrific physical and mental strain of the Italian campaign by comparing the time this battalion has been able to rest in the last 15 months with the time it has spent under fire in the same period.

The battalion landed at Salerno two weeks after D-Day and took over a sector from the 45th Division on Sept. 27, 1943. Its men did not get a chance to relax from that day until the day after Thanksgiving, when they were relieved by the French and brought back to Castelnuovo for

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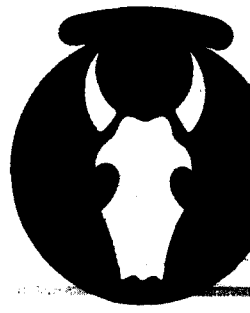
Pvt. Ralph Loy is one of two Waterloo (Iowa) men from the original outfit. He has more combat stars on his ribbons than anyone else in the battalion.

S/Sgt. Everall Schonbrich of Casey, Iowa, has been with the outfit from the beginning, too. Sgt. Schonbrich is a member of Dog Company's mortar platoon.



two weeks' rest. During those two months of combat, which included two bloody crossings of the Volturno and the taking of Ashcan Hill at San Mario de Oliveto, they had only one week out of the line—in an area under German artillery fire.

They moved up front on Dec. 11 and stayed there more than two months, during which they made five attempts to cross the Rapido River in bitter winter weather. Then, on Feb. 22, they were pulled out of the Cassino sector and got 21 days off to prepare for a move to Anzio. The battalion landed at Anzio on Mar. 25. It did not get another rest until June 8, soon after the battalion had advanced on Tarquinia, 18 miles ahead of the rest of the Fifth Army, with no flank protection, and had wiped out a German bicycle battalion.

"We made our first contact with the Germans a little after midnight," says Pfc. John F. Weidler of Wichita Falls, Tex., one of the battalion headquarters men. "By 4 o'clock the next afternoon it was all over. That next night every man in our battalion had a bicycle of his own."

The 1st Battalion was relieved 24 hours later by a battalion of a division fresh from the States.

"I think that was the only time I ever saw a whole outfit with fixed bayonets," S/Sgt. Ned Levinson of the Bronx, N. Y., says. "There wasn't a German within miles of us. But these guys came up at night in trucks, with every one of them carrying his rifle at port arms and the bayonets fixed on every gun. And not a German within miles. Damnedest sight I ever seen."

A little more than two weeks later, June 25, the battalion was back in the line again at San Vincenzo. Then came the tough battles at Cecina and Mount Maggiore. At the end of July, the battalion went on the first real vacation it has enjoyed in Italy—six weeks at a beach resort on the Mediterranean coast below Leghorn.

On Sept. 10, the battalion moved north from Florence and plunged into hard fighting over the most difficult terrain the men have been up against overseas. Slugging their way up the steep ridges of the Gothic Line, they found an enemy who was resisting as strongly as he did at Cassino and Anzio. They had six days out of the line at the end of the month. Then they went back for six more weeks. Early in November, when the advance had slowed to a stop in the rain and mud before Bologna, the battalion hiked out of the mountains at night, climbed into trucks and drove to a rest town west of Florence for 10 days.

When you figure it out, the battalion has had about 16 weeks of rest in the last 15 months.

Adding this long stretch of Italian combat to the battalion's time on the Tunisian front, you get something around 350 days of line service. And 76 Bronze Stars, 64 Silver Stars, nine Legions of Merit and 17 Dis-

T-5 Raymond Sonksen is the only remaining GI from Grundy Center, Iowa, in Baker Company. Originally there were 22. Sonksen is acting mess sergeant.

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tinguished Service Crosses. (When the Fifth Army announced on the first anniversary of Salerno that it had awarded 201 DSCs, the battalion had 16 of them.) The battalion also has one Medal of Honor, awarded posthumously to Pvt. Robert D. Booker of Callaway, Nebr., killed Apr. 9, 1943, at Fondouk while attacking single-handedly two enemy machine guns and a mortar position across 200 yards of open ground.

THE 34th Division was an Iowa-Minnesota-Dakota National Guard outfit when it went into active duty at Camp Claiborne, La., in February 1941. Later that year, while the Army was still wearing dark-blue fatigues and old shallow helmets of the first World War, the 34th was streamlined from a four-regiment square division to a three-regiment triangular one. The Dakota regiment, the 164th Infantry, was lopped off and sent first to the West Coast and then to the South Pacific, where it later became famous at Guadalcanal and Bougainville as a part of the Americal Division. That left the 34th almost exclusively a division of soldiers from Iowa and Minnesota. Two of the regiments, the 133d and the 168th Infantries, were Iowa National Guard outfits. The other regiment, the 135th Infantry, was from Minnesota. Two of the divisional artillery battalions were from Minnesota, the other from Iowa.

In the 1st Battalion of the 133d, A Company was a National Guard unit from Dubuque and most of the boys in Baker and Dog Companies were from Waterloo. Charlie Company was composed of men from Cedar Rapids. After they moved away from home to start their training at Claiborne, these National Guardsmen began to worry about the Selective Service System. They were afraid it might send them a lot of draftees from the East or South who would make the battalion lose its Hawkeye flavor. Their fears were groundless. More than 75 percent of the draftees assigned to the battalion were from Iowa.

The battalion was still an Iowa outfit in Ireland, in North Africa and in Italy until it moved into the Cassino sector. Then it began to change. The familiar Iowa faces of the original National Guardsmen and the early draftees started to disappear. A lot of them were killed; others, with what the boys enviously called "million-dollar wounds," didn't come back from the hospital. When the battalion embarked for Anzio, it was almost a new outfit. And later when it pushed north from Rome, most of the remaining old men went home to Iowa on rotation or TD.

The few GIs left now who have been with the battalion since the beginning are mostly clerks, cooks, truck drivers and cannon-company men—the soldiers in the Infantry who get the low priority on rotation because, compared with the riflemen and machine gunners, they have a somewhat lower priority on death. But most of the cooks, truck drivers and cannon-company men in this battalion have Purple Hearts. When it gets rough, they work up forward as litter-bearers.

Probably because rotation and TD are worked on an alphabetical basis, most of the remaining "Jan. 26" men in the battalion seem to have last names beginning with "S" or letters farther on. There is, for instance, S/Sgt. Everall Schonbrich of Casey, Iowa, from the Dog Company mortar platoon; S/Sgt. Jerry Snoble of Hazleton, Iowa, supply sergeant of Charlie Company who served in a rifle platoon until he was wounded in Tunisia; S/Sgt. Stanley Setka of Riceville, Iowa, an antitank squad leader, and T-5 Raymond E. Sonksen of Grundy Center, Iowa, acting mess sergeant in Baker Company. There were 22 men from Grundy Center in Baker Company back at Claiborne. Sonksen is the only one left.

And only two of the Waterloo men who formed almost two full companies of the original National Guard battalion are still here. They are S Sgt. Max Shepherd, whose father, Maj. Lloyd H. Shepherd, used to be battalion commander, and Pvt. Ralph Loy, a character who has one more of those important combat stars on his theater ribbon than anybody else in the battalion. Loy was transferred to the 3d Division after Tunisia, went through the Sicilian campaign and then managed to get back into his old Iowa battalion when it was leaving for Italy. "The adjutant fixed me up," he says. "He and I were old friends. He court-martialed me once in Ireland."

Although the battalion is now composed of soldiers from practically every state in the Union, the old Iowa men still have a great pride in their outfit. They will argue for hours to prove that their battalion entered a certain town last July three hours ahead of one of the other 133d Infantry battalions. They are still sore because the recent official Fifth Army account of the advance to Rome gives the 1st Special Service Force credit for taking Highway 7 and the railroad line during the break-through from Anzio. "We passed through the Special Service Force there on the night of May 24 and attacked the next morning," they say. "Charlie Company did most of the job and cleaned it up in two hours."

Just as they think their battalion is the best in the regiment, they also consider the 133d the best regiment in the division. They have a deep respect for the 3d and the 45th Divisions, which shared their hardships in Italy before moving on to southern France, but they don't feel that any other division can quite measure up to the 34th.

In a rest town recently, one of their officers noticed a GI, loaded with cognac, passing out on the street in front of his CP. He asked a couple of his men to pick up the soldier and put him under cover. When they started to lift him from the sidewalk, one of them noticed that he was wearing the shoulder patch of another division. Without a moment's hesitation, they dropped him back on the sidewalk and walked away, dusting their hands. It took the officer quite a while to convince them it was their duty to take care of the drunk, even if he wasn't in the 34th.

THIS pride in the outfit and the personal pride of each man, who knows the silent contempt that veteran GIs feel for men who turn into stragglers or AWOLs without good reason, keep the battalion going at times when the demands made upon it seem to be more than a human being can take. Those demands are made often here.

When you talk with the men in the battalion about the war in Italy and ask them why it has been so slow and tough, they give you straight and simple answers that make more sense than most of the profound comments that military experts have written on the subject.

"Listen," they say, "the Jerry has got all that stuff piled up here. He can't take it with him and he doesn't want to leave it for us. So he is staying here until he uses it up, just like any smart guy would do. You can tell that's the way he's thinking from the amount of artillery he's throwing at us. It's as bad as Anzio."

They feel that GIs in the rear echelon and the people at home do not understand the numbers of Germans they are facing. "This may be a forgotten front and all that," they say, "but we had 10 battalions against our division last month. It may be forgotten by us but it's not forgotten by the Germans. We captured a Jerry pay roll that showed a division with a strength of 10,300 men."

The terrain? "Miles on the map here don't mean anything. You may be told to advance to a point three miles away. But by the time you get there, up and down ridges and around chasms, zigzagging up the sides of mountains, you'll have covered eight or nine miles. The squad on your right may be within talking distance. But there is a canyon dropping down between you and them. If you want to get to them, you have to walk a half mile to the rear and a half mile forward again on their side of the canyon. We heard about a captain—a company commander in the 168th—who covered 72 miles on pay day, paying off his men, without going outside his company area."

Despite the ample German supplies and men and the difficult terrain on the Fifth Army front, the GIs in the battalion think the Allies could have been more successful here if they had been able to attack the Gothic Line in greater depth. "That's been our trouble ever since we've been in Italy," they say. "When we take a position or make a break-through, we never seem to have enough fresh troops behind us to really make something out of the gain. We have to stop, and there's nobody to follow up and keep pushing."

The older men in the battalion and the veteran officers, like Capt. Richard Wilkinson of Toano, Va., who missed only 15 days of Charlie Company's combat until he was transferred recently to battalion headquarters, have seen a lot of changes in Army methods—mostly for the better, they say—in their two years of action.

All the men in the battalion say they are eating much better food now than they had earlier in the Italian campaign and in Tunisia. "The 10-in-one rations are damned good," Sonksen says. "We're getting fresh meat and bread more often. Back in Tunisia we used to go without bread for weeks. The boys had it so seldom that when they did get it they used to eat it for dessert, like cake. Somebody ought to tell somebody to give us more coffee and lay off the bouillon and lemon powder and cocoa. And speaking of coffee, the Coleman stove is one of the great inventions of the war."

"The Coleman stove, the jeep and the Bailey Bridge," Shepherd says, "are winning the war. Guys with Colemans would rather move up without helmets than leave their stoves behind. We carry them in Jerry gas-mask containers. They don't make much light, either, once they get started. A hot breakfast in the morning makes all the difference in the world."

When you mention clothing, the GIs in the battalion think first of shoes and socks, the most important items in the Infantry's wardrobe. They don't know why the Army didn't give them combat boots back in 1941 instead of service shoes and leggings. They don't have a high opinion of the combat shoe with the rough side of the leather on the outside. It doesn't shed water as well as the smooth-finished boot and it takes longer to dry. They are not satisfied with the shoepac, the new type of winter boot with a rubber foot and waterproof black-leather top.

"It's a step in the right direction," Weidler says. "It's an attempt to keep the feet dry, and that's the only way to beat trenchfoot. But the shoepac gives the foot no support. If you walk a long distance in them, they kill you."

Everybody likes the issue woolen sweater, but prefers last winter's combat jacket with the zipper front and the high woolen collar and cuffs to the new green hip-length jacket. "The new jacket is not bad," one GI says, "but it acts like a shelter half in the rain. If you rub against one spot inside too much, the water comes through."

Nobody wants any part of the new sleeping bag with the zipper that pulls up from the feet to the chin. "It may be fine for the Air Forces," one of the BAR men says, "but I wouldn't get into one of those things in the line if you paid me. Suppose a Kraut found me with my arms and legs all zippered up, like I was in a strait jacket?"

The battalion has not noticed much change for the better or worse in their weapons or ammunition in the two years they have been in combat. Some of the men would like lighter weapons with more fire power; others would prefer more heavy weapons, like the BAR. They still envy the German smokeless powder as they did in Tunisia. They like the German light machine gun better than ours and they think the German machine pistol is a better weapon than our tommy gun.

THEY won't always admit it, but you can tell from talking to them that the men in the battalion get a deep satisfaction from knowing their job is the toughest one in the Army. They know that, if they come through the war safely, their own part in it will be something they will be able to look back on with pride for the rest of their lives. They know that it will be a good feeling to say at a gathering of veterans years from now: "I was with the 34th Division in Tunisia and Italy—1st Battalion of the One-Three-Three."

But that is something in the remote future. Right now they are tired, and their attitude toward the fate that put them in the Infantry, in the snow of the Apennine Mountains, instead of in some softer branch of the service, is one of resignation. They are accepting it, trying to make the best of it and trying to tell themselves that it could have been worse. One of the men in the battalion, describing the ordeal he had been through recently at Cecina, ended up: "I think we were the first ones to get into the town itself. Anyway, we were pulled out of there for a couple of days on July 3. On the Fourth of July we had a hot holiday meal."

Then he thought for a moment and added: "You know, that's one thing about this outfit. We've had it tough all along but, somehow or other, we've always managed to hit some place on holidays where we can have a hot meal. Christmas of 1942 we were on the boat in Liverpool, waiting to push off for North Africa. On the Fourth of July in 1943, we were back in a rest area after the Tunisian campaign. Thanksgiving Day in 1943 we had just finished the fighting at Ashcan Hill, but we had a turkey dinner right there on the side of the hill. It was raining and the Germans were shelling us, but we didn't give a damn—we had the turkey."

He smiled and shook his head. "Maybe you better not print that," he said. "Somebody at division headquarters may read it and say: 'Those guys have had it too good. We'll see that they spend their next five Thanksgivings and Christmases in the line eating K rations.'"

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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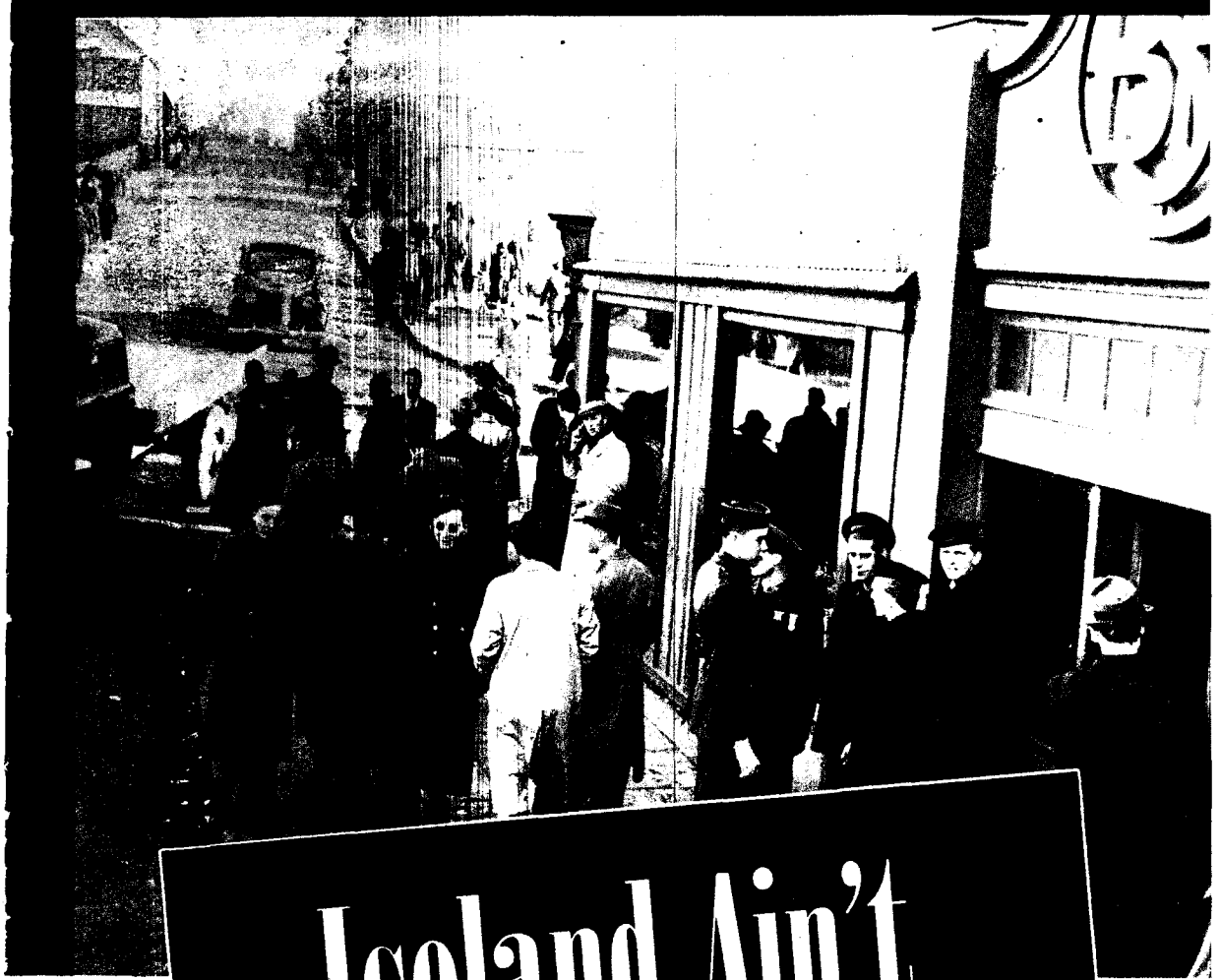

n Iceland who take advantage of a pass and do the main drag.

Iceland Ain't

By Sgt. JOHN MORAN
YANK Field Correspondent

ICELAND—When the first soldiers landed here at the request of the Icelandic Government in the summer of 1941, they were surprised to find a country with little more December snowfall than New Jersey and only two months of the year yielding weather cold enough for ice skating. The chilly sound of the name Iceland was proved at least partly incorrect; only the permanent glaciers of the interior lived up to expectations.

The first letters from home reflected the same popular view of the new base area. Wives, mothers and sweethearts asked for such souvenirs as caged live polar bears and walruses. They thought the GIs were living among Eskimos in igloos, in the kind of Arctic desolation they had seen in Adm. Byrd's South Pole movies.

Since those early days, the soldiers and—through their letters home—some U. S. civilians have obtained a new and more accurate picture of the tiny island republic. They know now that Eskimos, igloos, polar bears and walruses are as foreign to Icelanders as they are to the residents of Dubuque, Iowa, or Schenectady, N. Y. Icelandic civilization is one of the oldest in the western world and one of the most highly developed. Iceland has no slums, no poverty, no unemployment, no illiteracy, no capital punishment and, with a few scraggly exceptions, no trees.

There aren't a great many Icelanders—approximately 120,000, or about as many people as in Little Rock, Ark.—and the sudden influx of American soldiers caused marked reactions in almost every phase of Iceland's economy. The tremendous GI pay roll put more currency into circulation than the nation had ever seen, resulting in an immediate skyward climb of prices. Two native products, milk and butter, today cost more than three times what they did in 1940. U. S. cigarettes sell for three *kronur* (about 45 cents) a pack.

Despite this domestic upheaval, Icelandic-GI relations—a bit on the cautious side at first—have become decidedly friendly. Many soldiers are regular visitors at Icelandic homes and a few have even learned the language—no easy feat for Americans because of the different alphabet and the tricky pronunciation of Icelandic words. The Icelanders have done better with English than we have with Icelandic. Many children 9 and 10 years old not only speak English fluently but do pretty well with American slang, too.

GI marriages with the Icelandic women served to make friendships between Yanks and Icelanders even more cordial. There was an Army ban on these marriages until last spring, but since its relaxation some 75 GIs have taken local wives.

At first many soldiers lived in tents for lack of Nissen huts. The tents were OK in summer but gave little protection against sudden winter gales.

The Army training program here is thorough but limited by the rugged, barren terrain and the abnormally long winter nights (which last about 20 hours of the 24). There are plenty of work details for all personnel, but the outpost sentinels have probably the most difficult assignment of all. They are separated from their units for months at a time and remain on the alert day and night.

Social life for soldiers outside camp is limited by the small size of nearby Icelandic towns—when nearby towns exist at all. A popular activity is visiting coffee shops to enjoy the delicious pastry and cream cake. Restaurants serve familiar food, for Icelandic kitchen tradition is much the same as American. Icelandic beer is too weak for most GIs and isn't liked by most Icelanders either.

Although there are sightseeing trips, GI dances, soldier shows, pony riding (Iceland has no full-size horses) and fishing, many of the GIs prefer riding hobbies. One favorite pastime is collecting pin-ups; the men in a single hut boast 600 photos on the walls. Other Yanks make lamps from old shell casings, study correspondence courses and amuse themselves with their own broadcasting network. (A Special Service phonograph, a stack of records and home-made loudspeakers in each Nissen hut provide one camp with music.)

But the most popular hobby is watching the girls go by in town. The blond, blue-eyed Icelandic women are among the most beautiful in the world. That's the GI consensus and the opinion of Marlene Dietrich, no dog herself, who recently performed for soldier audiences here.

ICELAND is a neutral nation, without army or navy of its own, but the Germans ignore this. Last November a German submarine torpedoed and sank the *Godafoss*, Iceland's largest passenger ship. All but two of its passengers lost their lives.

If the Germans had occupied Iceland, the *Luftwaffe* would have been based within easy reach of Greenland, Newfoundland and eastern Canada. In the U. S., New York City and other large industrial areas along our own northeastern seaboard would have been within the radius of possible enemy air attack. Allied shipping to Britain and northward to Murmansk in Russia might have been cut off completely. Our great landings in Normandy would almost certainly have been delayed for months—or years.

Although Iceland is not a member of the United Nations, her people give warm support to the Allied cause because of the closer Icelandic-American and Icelandic-British relations developed in recent years and the kinship between Icelanders and the people of the Scandinavian countries now overrun by the Germans. (Almost all Icelanders are of Scandinavian ancestry.)

Following the torpedoing of the *Godafoss*, one of Reykjavik's daily newspapers declared: "There will be no peace and security on earth until these butchers (the Nazis) and their creed of Fascism are completely eliminated and until assurance is given that such barbarism may never again rise in the world."

Two young Icelandic girls (*stulkas*), dressed in native costume, walk beside a lake in downtown Reykjavik.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Last Laugh

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—Part of war has always been the exchange of conversation and dirty cracks between soldiers on opposite sides of the line, and that goes out here, too.

Usually the American GIs come off first in the snappy-dialogue department, possibly because they're dealing with their native tongue. But there is one Yank here who was bested in a brief verbal exchange, although the Jap died very soon afterward.

The Yank had the Jap cornered in a hole and courteously advanced the suggestion that he come the hell out and surrender.

The Jap had apparently met Americans before, because just before he died he shouted these imperishable words: "Come and get me, you souvenir-hunting son of a bitch!" —Sgt. BILL ALCINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

HAPPY SHIPPER. Doris Perkins, 21, an SK3c of Baton Rouge, La., was one of the first bunch of Waves to go overseas. Here she is with her bag, bound for Pearl Harbor from U. S. West Coast.

Russian Reception

SOMEWHERE IN THE U. S. S. R.—When the crew of a B-24 on a routine bomb run from Italy brought its flak-damaged plane into a field just behind the Russian lines, they got a reception equal to a Fifth Avenue victory march in everything but ticker tape.

As soon as the Liberator hit the field, an unofficial welcoming committee rushed out to greet it. And the committee was really international.

"There was a Czechoslovakian colonel and a group of Russian fighter pilots, male and female," says Sgt. E. J. Rostedt, a turret man from Brooklyn, Conn. "There were mechanics, too, and civilian maintenance men, speaking Russian, Hungarian, Czech and a dozen other languages. But no English."

When the first excitement died down, the American crew members used sign language to show that they were hungry. Their enthusiastic hosts rushed them to a dining room and gave them a traditional Russian stuffing. They had *shchee* (cabbage soup), steak, potatoes, tea, bread, butter and cake. For most of the GIs it was the first steak since leaving the States. The Russians here eat big meals like this four times a day.

Highlight of the American visit at the front-line base was a trip to the theater. The play was an American farce produced in Polish, titled "A Day Without a Lie." Bob Hope once made a movie of it under the original title, "Nothing but the Truth." It concerns a stockbroker who tries to stay honest for 24 hours.

Sgt. C. Mayo of Vineland, N. J., the tail gunner, says: "It made it more than ever a cockeyed world. You go halfway around it and see a play you might find in your own home town, and all within hearing distance of Red Army cannon firing into German positions on the Eastern Front."

The flyers got front-row seats in the packed theater and attracted more attention than the play. When the curtain rang down on the first act, the audience refused to curb its enthusiasm any longer and burst out with cheers for the Americans. Someone played the spotlights on the Yanks, and autograph hunters pushed notebooks at them for signatures.

Everybody had questions to ask: What was America like? When would the Germans collapse on the Western Front? What kind of plane were the Americans flying?

One young blonde nestled close to Sgt. Mark M. Harwood of Moorefield, W. Va., and tried out her English in what were obviously the only words she knew. She said: "My heart belongs to you, Daaaddy."

The crewmen left the scene of their Russian welcome when an American airbase deeper in the U. S. S. R. sent a C-47 to pick them up. Now they're back in the Army, waiting for further orders.

—Sgt. SAMUEL CHAVKIN
YANK Field Correspondent

On the Fly Front

EGYPT—It's no news that there are two ways of doing things—the right way and the Army way. But when the Army way turns out to be right, that's news. It was bound to happen eventually, and the first break in a long succession of bumbles occurred over here in the Middle East.

With the war long since removed to distant regions, the most irritating problem at Camp Huckstep, Cairo's big U. S. Army post, turned out to be that old desert companion, the common fly. Egyptian flies have the adhesive properties of Arab rug peddlers and reproductive powers that put rabbits to shame.

Flies covered Camp Huckstep until a post order was issued requiring every officer and EM to kill 30 flies a day.

What gives this story its unusual twist is that the order worked. There are now few flies at Camp Huckstep.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Chop It Down

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—You know these men belong to a special outfit when you come upon them at work. They wear the first high black boots you've seen in the U. S. Army and they don't talk your language. They speak of swamping and limbing, of chokers and jammers, of timber cruisers and slab piles and of a mysterious Biltmore stick. They are members of an Engineer Forestry outfit.

It's a GI outfit though—but with axes and peavies and saws instead of rifles and mortars and grenades. It's one of the few Engineer Forestry outfits in France and part of one of the most widely scattered battalions in the Army.

Hidden away in the deepest forest preserves of France, these black-booted muscle men are almost unknown to their fellow soldiers, but they produce stuff that is essential to keeping tanks and doughfeet moving forward. Lumber, timber, pilings and railway ties—all are needed to build bridges, roads, docks and railways for a mobile army. The portable sawmills that turn out this high-priority merchandise are equipped to work 24 hours a day.

The outfit is really two companies, working as a team. One, commanded by Capt. Winton Bernardin, is headquarters company for the only Engineer Forestry battalion in the Army. The three companies it is supposed to administer, however, are scattered between India and the South Pacific. The other half of the team is a separate forestry company, not part of the original battalion, but trained by it in the U. S. Its CO is Lt. Maurice Reeves and his men are the real loggers and sawmill operators.

The men come from every walk of life. There are farmers and gandy dancers, salesmen and professors. S/Sgt. Al Rabin, a mill foreman, was assistant shoe buyer in a Milwaukee, (Wis.) department store. Now he bosses doggers, setters, sawyers, off-bearers and cut-off men with as much ease as he used to size up a pair of 8½-Ds.

Cpl. Harold J. Liesh is a saw filer now, but he used to operate a linotype for a newspaper in St. Paul, Minn. His biggest present worry is shrapnel—from the last war. Most of the logs he uses, taken from a French depot, contain imbedded shrapnel, which plays hell with the dogs (or teeth) of his saws.

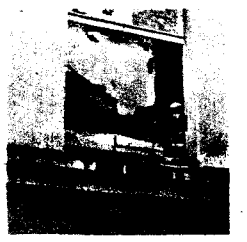
S/Sgt. Joseph A. Hager of Los Angeles, Calif., was born in Germany. He sums up the immediate goal of the forestry outfit pretty well.

"That Black Forest in Germany," he says, "that's where I want to go. Most beautiful forest in the world. The Germans love that forest more than anything in the world. Chop the bastard down."

—YANK Field Correspondent

Members of an Engineer Forestry outfit in France keep lumber on the move.

This Week's Cover



THE American rifleman moving through a war-pocked building in Aachen, Germany, is Pvt. Ralph J. De Franco of Pittsburgh, Pa. At the moment a Signal Corps photographer made this picture, De Franco was trying to get in a shot at a German sniper who'd been peeking away at the Yanks.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps. 2—Center, Acme; others, Sgt. Steve Derry. 3—Sgt. Derry. 5—Signal Corps. 6—Left, U. S. Navy. 7—Signal Corps. 8—Vandamm Studio. 9—Upper right, Vandamm Studio, lower left, Pix Inc.; lower right, Lucas-Pritchard. 10—Signal Corps. 12—Upper left & right, Acme; center left & right, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower left & right, Signal Corps. 13—Upper left, U. S. Army; upper right & lower left, Signal Corps; center left, PA; lower right, Sgt. Dil Ferris. 18—Upper left, Kelly Field, Tex.; center left, Camp Fannin, Tex.; lower right, Maxwell Field, Ala. 19—Lower left, Drew AAF, Fla.; center, AAF Pilot School, Marfa, Tex.; right, WW. 20—Walter Thornton. 23—Upper, Sgt. Derry; lower, INP.

Pillbox Penthouse

GERMANY—German pillboxes are so cleverly concealed in this area that sometimes it is almost impossible to find them in the heat of battle. During the push toward the high ground over the Roer River, one company of the 405th Infantry radioed back to the CP that some of its men were apparently dug in on top of the same pillbox that the company on the right was trying to eliminate.

—Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

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Don't Split Up

My choice is the VFW. To join this organization you must have had service outside the continental limits of the U. S. The boys who go across know what it is to leave a great country and to come back to it. The VFW has been lobbying in Congress for the GIs of this war. It has helped such bills as the GI Bill of Rights and many others. Men are being trained by VFW posts to help GIs when they are discharged. If you want a farm loan or plan to go to school, this VFW counselor will help cut red tape and put you on the right track.

If the GIs of this war split up into two or three veterans' organizations, we wouldn't be strong. United we stand, divided we fall.

USS Pasco —DANIEL J. SCARRY SK2c

Enlisted Men Only

I am very much in favor of having another organization, but it should be restricted to enlisted men only.

Every club or place we see over here is posted. Clubs, bars and dance halls are off limits to enlisted men. They have signs posted which read: "OFFICERS ONLY." So, when we come back home, why not continue in the same way? It has proven very successful over here.

I and my friends feel that we enlisted men can set up our own organization, hold our national and district conventions, and have a sufficient number of members to make it one of the best organizations the world has known.

Sansapor, New Guinea —Cpl. F. E. MORRELL*

*Signed by six other EM.

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS

Should the GIs of this war have a veterans' organization of their own?

A United Bulwark

Like many GIs, there are things about existing veterans' organizations that I don't like. But that does not mean that I think we should form veterans' organizations of our own.

Forming separate veterans' organizations means division among us Americans. I am against division. I am for unity. After this war we will need unity for continued peace more than we now need unity for victory. The 12 million veterans of this war, those of us who actually experienced war, together with the millions of the last war, our fathers and brothers who also tasted war, united can form the strongest bulwark against war for generations.

Dalhart AAB, Tex. —Sgt. CARL DORIO

Change of Mind

Some time ago I thought we should form our own GI organization, but since then it has been my good fortune to meet members of the American Legion. I enjoyed their company and met many of their Legion friends at dances and parties at the Legion clubhouse in a large city in the U. S. I met many whose sons were in the service and also many other servicemen, guests at this Legion post.

It started me thinking that all through the country Legion posts are organized. There are Legion men in this war. Legion men watch legislation pertaining to veterans in Washington and on down through state legislatures.

I know we want to be independent and run our own organization, but why not benefit by the greatest teacher, experience, and use the resources and facilities of the American Legion? There will be some way by which we may have representation in our own posts, state Legion affairs and national Legion policy. Dads of many servicemen will be glad their sons will inherit the Legion. For these reasons, I am in favor of joining this organized and experienced group.

Luxembourg —S/Sgt. T. J. O'CONNELL

Have One Already

The GIs of this war already have a veterans' organization of their own, namely, the American Veterans' Committee. According to the temporary chairman of this group, Charles Bolte, an ex-serviceman who lost a leg in the North African campaign, one thousand servicemen and women are buying his magazine.

GIs of this war are going through common experiences as soldiers quite different from former soldiers of other wars. This is a war of greater intensity and ferocity. Out of common experiences emerge common desires.

The soldier of this war knows that in any event he will be organized in some way, whether he likes it or not. He knows that military victory does not bring peace with it, nor does peace bring jobs or freedom necessarily. It is for these reasons that the AVC or something similar will be established for the ex-servicemen and women of World War II.

Leyte, Philippines —S Sgt. DANIEL RICH

Post-War Program

The GIs of this war should have an organization of their own.

If the millions who have united to win the war unite to win the peace, they can reduce the chances of the little people of the world ever having to kill each other again. They can lead the way to a better world and salvage from the liabilities of this war the assets of peace.

A post-war program must include increased trade among nations; a better understanding of each other's problems, with fair discussion and consideration of them whether the nations involved be large or small; free, uncensored exchange of news between nations; liquidation of the fascist mind and philosophy wherever it arises, at home or abroad; strict policing to keep the peace. What servicemen's organization has that program?

Belgium —T/Sgt. IVAN SMITH

A Different War

Yes. The problems, attitudes, ideas and needs of World War II soldiers are different from those of World War I veterans. We fight a global war. They fought only in France. We have many times their numbers. We have been longer overseas under conditions which they never faced.

Our veterans' organization should encompass all grades, branches, services—both men and women—which have participated in this World War II. Our organization should look out for and protect the interest of veterans of this war, but it should be equally concerned with the welfare of all the people of America, and it should work constantly to prevent our children from becoming members of a veterans' organization of World War III.

Netherlands East Indies —S Sgt. GABE SANDERS

Great Potentials

This war will have over 10 million veterans. It is inconceivable that existing organizations like the VFW or the American Legion can absorb the bulk of these new veterans and still serve the interests of the men for whom they were originally formed.

Veterans of this war will have little in common with men 20 or more years older who fought in vastly different conflicts.

We will have a new organization. It will be potentially the most powerful pressure group in history. It can be the biggest convention-holding, whisky-drinking, time-wasting society ever formed.

Or it can be a tool for winning the peace our buddies died fighting for.

India —Cpl. R. W. OBERG

This page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion will be "What Causes War Between Nations and What Can Be Done To Prevent It?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best letters received will be printed in a future issue.

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THEATER in Wartime

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

SHOW people will never forget the year 1944. Thousands of men and women from the legitimate theater were overseas in uniform—actors and actresses, writers, scene designers, stage hands—and all looked back in wonderment at what war had done to their business. And well they might, because those remaining at work behind the footlights have hoisted stage plays to their greatest height of popularity since the movies started talking.

Letters and newspapers from home told the story. On Broadway even bad shows were packing 'em in. And on Main Streets from Butte, Mont., to Baton Rouge, La., war workers and farmers—the families of servicemen everywhere—were seeing their first stage shows in the old home town since the opry house was boarded up and bequeathed to the barn swallows.

Bob Francis, legit editor of the *Billboard*, got down to cases with a comparative study of two wartime years, 1918 and 1944, and discovered that times do not change. During the 1943-44 season on Broadway there were 41 comedies, 30 straight dramas, 25 musicals, four melodramas, one farce, three spectacles and two variety shows. Seventeen of the straight dramas and five of the musical shows had a war slant. Now check this line-up against that of 1918-19 when there were 41 comedies, 31 straight dramas, 26 musicals, 12 melodramas, five farces and four spectacles. Fifteen dramas and nine musicals had war plots.

Everybody expected the New York theater to pick up during the war, on the basis of what happened in 1917-18, but probably even the most optimistic producers didn't dare hope that in one year 90 road companies would be playing to standees in reconverted movie houses, Odd Fellows Halls, civic centers and high-school auditoriums from one end of the country to the other. During 1944 there was an average of 35 companies on the road every week, with everything from "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Tobacco Road" to "The Merry Widow" and Katherine Dunham's "Tropical Revue." The show that probably more towns saw than any other was the comedy "Kiss and Tell." At one time there were three "Kiss" companies on the road besides the one that has been in New York nearly two years.

Many shows played split weeks and one-night stands in such houses as the Coliseum in Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; the Convention Hall in Enid, Okla.; the Lyceum in Minneapolis, Minn.; the Orpheum in Sioux City, Iowa; the State in Winston-Salem, N. C.; the Union High School Auditorium in Salinas, Calif.; the Capitol in Yakima, Wash.; the Fargo in Fargo, N. Dak.; the Chief in Colorado Springs, Colo.; and the University of Wyoming Auditorium in Laramie, Wyo.

There are easier ways to make a living in these times than by going on tour. But travel troubles notwithstanding, Chicago had 32 shows in nine theaters in the 1943-44 season. Their combined runs totaled 280 weeks, a 10-year record for Chicago. Philadelphia had three houses running most of the year; they didn't even take a break during Lent. In Minneapolis, Lee Murray booked 11 touring shows into the Lyceum Theater in an eight-month season.

A typical touring troupe was the "Coast" company of "Kiss and Tell." The cast traveled 14,768 miles in 35 weeks and played an average of more than one performance per day. The trip covered 20 states. Often the performers lost track of where they were. Actress Mary Jackson said she would wake up in the morning and pick up the telephone book in her hotel room to find out what town she was in.

Most of the time the company made out all right with hotel accommodations. In Minneapolis their hotel caught fire, but nobody got hurt. They spent some of their nights on sleepers and once, going from Fresno to Sacramento, Calif., they had to stand all night in the aisles of a coach. Sometimes they would get up in the morning after a night in a Pullman, play a matinee and night performance, then crawl back into the same Pullman bunks and ride all night again.

The company, including cast, understudies, stage hands and property people, totaled 27 persons and a dog. It wasn't always the same dog. Before curtain time every night the question would go around: "Have we got a dog yet?" Usually the assistant stage manager would borrow a pup from a local kid. The role of Marchbanks was played by dachshunds, poodles, terriers and airedales, always unrehearsed.

Joan McCracken—from smash hit "Oklahoma!" to smash hit "Bloomer Girl."

In St. Paul, Minn., the actors competed for laughs with a sparrow that flew around over the stage and audience. In Milwaukee, Wis., the footlights awakened a resident bat that swooped down from the backstage rafters and stole the show.

The company missed only one scheduled performance; after riding through a flood all day on the way to Oklahoma City, they missed their matinee. Another time they arrived late at the Corn Palace in Mitchell, S. Dak. To keep the audience amused, they left the curtain up while the stage was being set. It took 90 minutes, and the audience made the stage hands take a curtain call before the first act started.

Dressing rooms ranged from a cubicle where your head was in the steam pipes to luxurious suites in the Kansas City Music Hall. At one theater the only way you could get from one side of the set to the other backstage was to go down in the basement to an outside door, run around the building and come in another door.

Although the "road" played to socko business, the "straw-hat" or summer-theater groups that blossom annually in the countrysides, especially in New England, were hard hit. Gas rationing and overcrowded trains and busses were responsible. About the only 1944 summer theaters that broke even were those that were close to big cities or that moved into the cities. The Bucks County Playhouse, for instance, nailed up its doors and moved into the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel ballroom in Philadelphia.

Nonprofessional "little theaters" from coast to coast have felt the pinch of war. Before the war, many towns depended on college or community little theaters for their only taste of flesh-and-blood drama. Well-established noncommercial groups like the Pasadena Community Playhouse in Pasadena, Calif., the University of Washington's Showboat and Penthouse Theaters in Seattle, and the College of the Pacific Little Theatre in Stockton, Calif., have held on in spite of the shortage of males for casting and the competition from commercial road companies.

THE manpower bugaboo put some crimps in the professional theater, too. The armed forces had more than 1,150 members from the New York roster of Actors' Equity alone. "We lived in a cross-fire between the draft board and Hollywood," says Broadway producer Brock Pemberton, speaking of his road company of "Janie," a play calling for several young men of military age. "Every time we'd get some man who was doing well in a part, the Army would grab him or Hollywood would like his looks and steal him." Hollywood has a manpower problem, too.

One young man "stolen" from Pemberton's "Janie," which is no longer touring, is a perfect example of a struggling player reaching stardom because of the manpower shortage. His name is Alfred Alderdice, but you may have seen him in the movies under the name of Tom Drake. There are many others getting breaks they might not have gotten otherwise because they're below physical induction standards.

On the other hand, the war-stimulated theater has been a boon to some old-timers who clung to show business through its lean years. The best example is Frank Fay, whose long career is almost a personification of the stage's history since the last war—more down than up. Fay is now at the peak of popularity in "Harvey," a comedy about a timid fellow who pals around with a rabbit that isn't there. (Harvey is the rabbit's name.) Fay's performance is ranked with those of Leo G. Carroll in "The Late George Apley" and Frédric March in "A Bell for Adano" as the best acting of the year.

Finding material worth producing has been as neat a trick as finding somebody to play in it, with men like WO Irwin Shaw and Pvt. William Saroyan overseas and several other top-drawer writers in the service. The lack of material was reflected during the 1943-44 season by

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the decision of the New York Drama Critics Circle that no play of American authorship was worthy of its annual award. For the same season the Pulitzer Prize committee omitted its drama award and instead gave a special prize to Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2d for their musical show, "Oklahoma!"

"Oklahoma!" which has been a smash hit since it opened nearly two years ago, popularized the introduction of ballet in otherwise standard musical shows. Other musicals with ballet sequences playing on Broadway by the end of 1944 were "One Touch of Venus," "Carmen Jones," "Follow the Girls," "Bloomer Girl," "Sadie Thompson," "Seven Lively Arts" and "On the Town."

Only two serious war plays really caught the public's fancy—"The Eve of St. Mark," Maxwell Anderson's drama of two seasons ago about a doomed platoon in the Pacific, and Paul Osborn's recent dramatization of "A Bell for Adano," the novel by war correspondent John Hersey about the American Military Government in a Sicilian village. Other war plays came and faltered, partly because they were full of guff about the Army and Navy which audiences knew was phony. Notable exceptions were Moss Hart's "Winged Victory" and Irving Berlin's world-touring "This Is the Army," both with soldier casts for Army Emergency Relief.

The best comedy about a soldier is not really a war play. It is "The Voice of the Turtle," whose cast has just three persons—Betty Field (who replaced Margaret Sullavan), Elliott Nugent and Audrey Christie. It covers the adventures of a GI stood up by his date on a week-end pass.

In Boston, where the novels "Strange Fruit" and "Forever Amber" were banned, the censor previewed "Men to the Sea," a play about Navy wives in a Brooklyn rooming house. He called the story "unedifying and apart from the truth" and ordered 80 cuts in the dialogue or no show. The play then did sell-out business in Boston. But when it came to New York, even with all of its lines restored, it lasted only 24 performances.

Show people usually figure that if a play or musical sticks out 100 performances on Broadway, it is enough of a hit to make money. From May 1, 1943, to Apr. 30, 1944, New York had 64 new shows. Only 19 of these survived the 100-performance mark. They made money; 45 did not.

In spite of all the hazards, Broadway's biggest problem—finding an "angel" to back a play—has almost evaporated. It seemed as if everybody wanted to put some money into a Broadway show, and no wonder.

"Life With Father," now in its sixth year on Broadway, has grossed almost $8 million from its New York and road companies. More than two million people have seen it in New York and another three million have seen the touring casts. When "Arsenic and Old Lace" closed last June after 1,440 Broadway performances the books showed a take of about $4 million from New York and road companies.

The musical "Bloomer Girl" played a three-week break-in run in Philadelphia and created such a ticket scramble that there was a $100,000 sale before opening night in New York, for which seats were priced at $9. But this record did not last long. Billy Rose, who reclaimed the Ziegfeld Theater from the movies and used it to house his "Seven Lively Arts," reported an advance sale of $500,000. Opening-night top price for this extravagant revue was $24, which also entitled the customers to sip free champagne between the acts.

Rose also set some precedents with "Carmen Jones," his lavish modernized version of the opera "Carmen." This production long ago passed the Metropolitan's record of 219 performances of the original opera, and in 13 months in the largest legitimate house on Broadway it grossed more than $1 million on a $230,000 investment.

Sudden mass enthusiasm for the theater has brought big changes in the character of the audience. It's not the "carriage trade" any more. Women come in slacks, and men sometimes show up in shirt-sleeves or windbreakers, right from their shift at some war plant. Many people are now seeing stage plays who never wanted to before or could not afford to. Some, who had never been to anything but movie houses, haven't liked the reserved-seat idea. They figure first come, first served, and if the SRO sign is out they want to know when the next show begins.

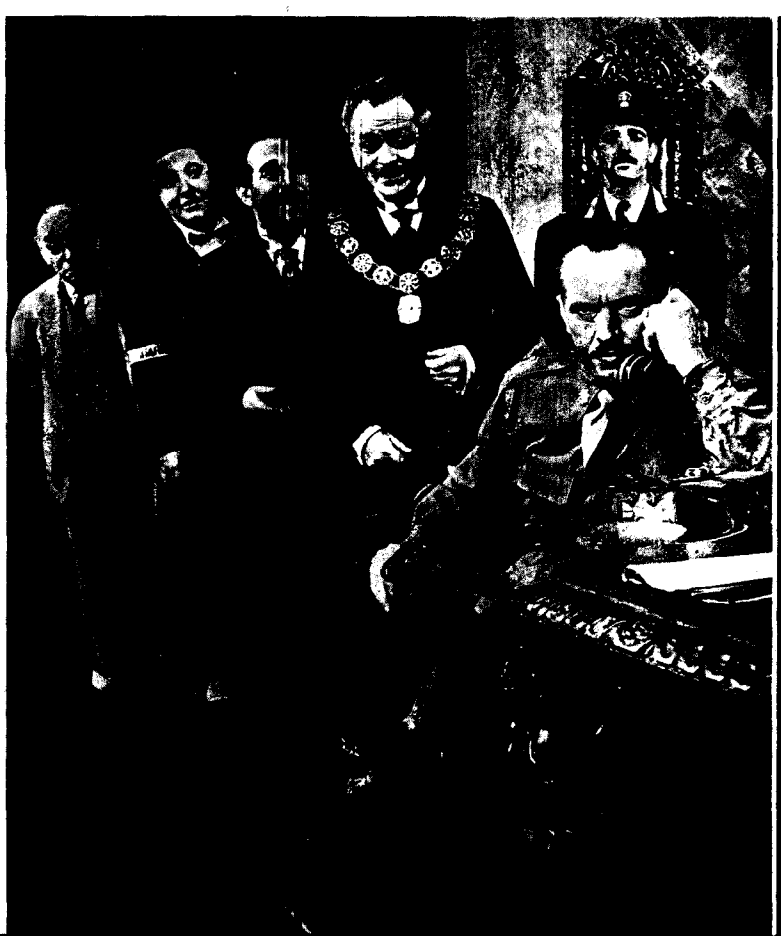
TODAY'S audiences also include thousands of servicemen. Every day the American Theater Wing gives away from 750 to 1,000 seats to New York's stage shows. This is the same organization that has set up seven Stage Door Canteens in the States and one in London. The ATW has also sponsored overseas productions like Katharine Cornell's "Barrets of Wimpole Street."

Other theatrical entertainment committees have sent professional players, usually girls, to overseas bases where they form the nucleus of casts for shows staged by soldiers. Italy and North Africa have had such a troupe, and GIs in the Aleutians have seen "The Doughgirls" and "Kiss and Tell."

Some actors in the service have been able to continue in the entertainment field on behalf of the troops. Maj. Maurice Evans, the outstanding Shakespearean actor in America, has trouped through Hawaiian bases with a Shakespearean repertoire. Once, after a performance of "Hamlet," a colonel who wanted to say something nice about the show, told Evans: "I certainly enjoyed your acting. What did you do in civilian life?"

Show people in the armed forces are hoping just as hard as those now working that the momentum built up by the legitimate theater during wartime will keep the industry rolling in high gear for a long time after the war. This is a tall order, because cut-backs in war industries have already begun to slow theater activities in a few isolated cases. Optimistic producers, however, believe the stage will continue to draw heavily for at least five to seven years after the war, but they say the shows will have to be topnotch.

Veteran Frank Fay wows Broadway in "Harvey," a play about an invisible rabbit.



[illegible] seems to have a ballet number. In "Sadie Thompson," song-and-dance girls Olga Meadows (center) [illegible]

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Break-Through Tales

'ARMY OF OCCUPATION'

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 84TH DIVISION—Back at the staging area PX last September, a couple of station-complement noncoms gave some GIs from the 84th Division a tip. The noncoms, growing expansive after several free beers set up by their listeners, assured the 84th men they didn't have to wonder any more about what was in store for them in Europe.

"You guys don't have to worry about nothing," a tech sergeant told them. "No bullets or bayonets or any of that stuff. You're gonna be part of the Army of Occupation. We got it straight from headquarters."

Faces dropped several feet at the casual mention of Army of Occupation. "Hell," the tech sergeant continued reassuringly, "you got a good deal. Germany's got plenty of good beer, and the Army's gonna put on a big sports and education program to keep you occupied. You guys hit just the right time, when all the fighting's finished."

Riflemen of the 84th, slogging through the ankle-deep snow and slush on the steep slopes of the Ardennes to flush out pockets of Jerries left behind by advancing American tanks, take a dim view of such stories these days. Back on the offensive again after helping stem the German mid-December drive toward the Meuse River, they have a few stories of their own to tell.

To begin with, there's the running account of the division's first month of action. Attacking for the first time on Nov. 18, 1944, the 84th hit the pillbox-defended town of Prummern, Germany, in one of the strongest sectors of the Siegfried Line. They took the town in six hours. Next day, the Railsplitters captured the German stronghold of Ircher and the adjoining town of Suggerath. Moving on, they took Lindfern, Beeck, Leiffarth, Wurm and completed their month's work on Dec. 18 by capturing Mullendorf.

The day before the fall of Mullendorf, Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt started his counter-offensive against the weak side of the Allied line in the fir-treed hills of the Ardennes region. The 84th was one of the first American divisions shifted southward to meet the German thrust toward Liege and the Meuse River. Brig. Gen. A. R. Bolling of Washington, D. C., commanding general of the 84th, was ordered to occupy and hold the town of Marche, hub point of the road net which controlled the highways leading west to the vital Meuse cities of Dinant and Namur.

A German force of eight tanks, 10 half-tracks, several motorcycles and jeeps, and 80 infantrymen tried to break through into the little village of Menil, defended by Company I of the 333d Regiment. With tanks clearing the way, the Germans swept up the road toward the village, confident they had the American Army on the run.

But the crew of the lead tank hadn't figured on the daisy chain of antitank mines which the Yanks had stretched across the road. When the lead tank exploded and careened into a ditch, the tanks and half-tracks following it tried frantically to reverse their field. That caused just enough delay for bazookamen, hidden in foxholes along the road, to take care of the second and third tanks.

Pfc. Clarence E. Love of Cherry Valley, Ark., and Pfc. Alex V. Tiler of Paris, Tenn., set one afire, while Pfc. Carl R. Tisdale of Pataskala, Ohio, and Pfc. Robert C. Halloway of Inglewood, Calif., blew the tracks off another Jerry armored vehicle. Firing his bazooka without assistance, Sgt. James M. Scanlan of Danville, Ky., hit a fourth tank, which staggered into another Yank mine field and blew itself to hell.

Meanwhile a second wave of enemy tanks started surging ahead toward Company I's lines. An American second lieutenant saw two German infantrymen standing over a foxhole ready to shoot one of his men. He called S/Sgt. Joseph S. Wagner of West Conshohocken, Pa., and they jumped the Jerries with carbines, killing both.

Then the lieutenant spotted a tank in the second wave stopping to pick up three Krauts from a disabled tank. He jumped out of his foxhole and threw three bull's-eyes with hand grenades, wounding all three Jerries. But, before he could get back to his hole, he was killed by machine-gun fire from an enemy half-track.

The second wave of tanks was now running through Company I's positions. One hit another daisy chain and exploded. The next one bypassed the mines, only to veer off square into the line of fire of a bazooka manned by Sgt. Jesse Tenpenny of Morrison, Tenn., and Pvt. Stephen Theil of Beaver, Pa. That made an even half dozen.

Two enemy half-tracks then tried to run the gantlet, but Sgt. Scanlan, the one-man bazooka crew, took care of the first one; it careened into another mine field where it exploded. His second hit caused the other half-track to burst into flames. Two German motorcyclists then started

Ordnance GIs work on a new Tiger tank captured in Germany. This new type is known as the King Tiger.

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The first impact of the Kraut counteroffensive gave the infantrymen of the 84th Division and some Cub pilots plenty to do and to talk about.

popping off at Scanlan with machine pistols, so he ducked, grabbed a couple of grenades and let them fly. Both Krauts were blown to shreds.

By now, after 30 minutes of furious fighting, the Jerries had had enough of I Company. They took off toward a patch of woods up on a nearby hill. But I Company hadn't had enough of the Jerries. They radioed back for a little artillery assistance. When the barrage was finished, I Company went up to clean out what was left. There wasn't much. They found 17 more enemy vehicles which had been knocked out by artillery as well as some badly frightened Germans.

Company I's casualty list for the action was one killed—a lieutenant—and several wounded.

As for the noncom's story about the 84th being part of the Army of Occupation, it was a trifle premature, according to five members of a recon patrol who wandered around behind enemy lines after the German break-through. Taking off in a jeep to patrol the area south of Marche, they made a swing of 50 miles, 20 of them behind the Jerry lines. That night at dusk, the patrol headed back. Less than a mile from their outfit, they ran into a German roadblock which forced them to go back toward enemy positions.

They were driving along the main highway when they spotted a Jerry convoy coming toward them. Pulling off into the underbrush at the side of the road, the five 84th men watched in amazement as the convoy passed them, for in it were U. S. jeeps, half-tracks, weapons carriers, command cars, six-by-sixes — every type of U. S. Army vehicle but scout cars and tank destroyers.

When it was dark enough, the five GIs headed toward the front and their own lines. After several hours, they decided to pull off the road again and hide out. They sat there for hours without daring to sleep, as enemy convoys continued rolling toward the front.

After much discussion, the recon patrolmen decided it was best to try to get back on foot. So, booby-trapping their jeep and burying their other equipment, they took off. Right off the bat they almost ran into the arms of a German patrol. That narrow escape convinced them that they should lie low. While German units moved within a few yards of them, they slept in the snow, without blankets. When fighting broke out in the nearby woods, they crawled into the shelter of a barn. There they rested, eating rotten potatoes they had found there when their rations were exhausted. When the battle ended with an American tank force capturing the woods, five cold, hungry, tired recon men walked into a U. S. outpost and got transportation to their outfit.

Sgt. O. A. Tripken of Bakersfield, Calif., was the NCO in charge of the patrol, which included Sgt. Charles Peoples of Partridge, Kans.; Cpl. O. A. Wheremore of Windham, N. Y.; Cpl. Alfred E. Sothern of Boise, Idaho, and Pvt. John Biernachi of Worcester, Mass.

There are other stories 84th men could tell about their Army of Occupation duties, like the three medics who stayed behind with 18 wounded men when curtains of enemy artillery and small-arms fire prevented the removal of the casualties from a town given up by a battalion of the 84th. Or like the two 81-mm mortar squads who beat off an attack by 150 German infantrymen near Hampteau. For an Army of Occupation, the 84th figures it's keeping pretty well occupied.

NIGHT IN A BELGIAN CAFE

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

LIEGE, BELGIUM—It was the night of our first big retreat in Western Europe, when the Germans pushed their counteroffensive wedge between Stavelot and St. Vith.

Nobody in the little cafe was talking very much; the sense of defeat was heavy on everyone, and we felt the shame of taking refuge here so far behind the lines. We remembered the faces of the civilians we'd passed as we headed westward, and the *Luftwaffe* strafing, and the woman with the laughing little boy and girl who said quietly: "Please take these children with you; they're Jewish."

There were hushed civilians in the cafe, and Piper Cub pilots wearing wings and the insignia of the Artillery. The pilots came from different divisions. Tomorrow those who still had planes would fly back and try to locate their outfits.

"It's funny," said a little captain with a Southern accent. "We were all in the sack in those two nice little houses we'd fixed up near the front line when Riffle [S/Sgt. Francis Riffle] came running in. And do you know what he said?"

Nobody knew what Riffle had said, so the little captain went on. "He said, 'There are engineers digging in the front yard.' I looked out and, sure enough, engineers were out there digging foxholes. Then I got on the phone to the Battalion S-2 and he says he's been trying to get me and there are enemy tanks in the town on our right flank. Then he tells me there are enemy tanks in the town on our left flank. After that, there's a pause on the phone and the S-2 sounds right tired. 'There are also,' he says, 'enemy paratroopers reported operating in the town where you are.' "

The pilots and the ground-crew GIs ran out into the cow-pasture field, the captain said, and piled everything that was movable into the little spotter planes. One by one the planes started to take off.

As the Cubs headed down the strip, a Tiger tank pulled into sight across a road. The tank halted uncertainly, as if it didn't know what to make of the swarm of tiny aircraft, then opened fire with machine guns. At the same time mortar shells began to fall at the far end of the field. The planes headed right into the fire. There was nothing else they could do. Most of them got off and made it to Liege.

The pilots talked about another Cub outfit that hadn't fared so well. "First thing we knew," said a tall, thin-faced lieutenant from that outfit, "we heard someone yelling in German on the road outside our house."

The lieutenant's men didn't even have a chance to get out of the house, so they piled down into the cellar. A German came up to the front door and blew it open with a blast of his machine pistol, and then more Germans broke into the house. They ransacked the Americans' personal belongings and helped themselves to souvenirs, especially helmets, flight jackets and .45s.

Then the Germans decided to go down into the cellar to look around for cognac. The cellar door stuck. A German kicked it open and started down the steps. At this point there was a crash outside, followed rapidly by three others. The German ran back up the steps, and he and the others piled out of the house. American artillery was firing on the nearby field, destroying the Cubs so they wouldn't fall into enemy hands. The Germans took off, and the Americans beat it out of the cellar and somehow found their way to safety.

OVER in a corner, a captain named Stevenson was talking quietly to a Belgian girl. That afternoon he'd been flying a general out of the danger zone when he spotted a column of enemy tanks. He flew to a Ninth Air Force base and gave the group-operations officer the location of the Germans. A squadron of Thunderbolts caught the *Panzers* on an open road and clobbered them with 500-pound bombs.

Over at another table, surrounded by Cub pilots, sat two crew chiefs. One was T-3 John Watts, an oilfield worker from Shreveport, La. At home years ago Watts had fooled around with a Cub on Sundays. The afternoon of the break-through Watts' outfit was in danger. Some planes had been flown out, but there were not enough pilots, and it looked as if two Cubs would have to be left behind. Watts went up to his CO, Capt. Howard Cunningham of St. Petersburg, Fla.

"I'll fly one of the planes out, sir," he said.

"I can't give you permission to do that."

Watts looked at the captain. "Turn your back, sir, and you won't know anything about it."

"I just remembered," the captain said, walking away, "I've got to make a telephone call."

Watts barely missed a tree on the take-off and he flew stiff and nervous, but he got there.

Ten minutes after Watts left, T-3 Marvin Pierick of Highland, Wis., who had flown an old Cub exactly 35 hours while he was stationed near Paris, Tex., took off in another ship. It was almost dark when he hit the other field. The first time he tried to land he had to take off again. Coming back for another pass, he made it. "I was just trying to get a second landing in," he said.

In the cafe the two sergeants sat drinking beer with the pilots. There wasn't much conversation any more, but when Pierick said he wished he had a cigar, one of the lieutenants got up and bought a stringy black one from the proprietor for 1,200 *francs*. "Thank you, sir," Pierick said.

Then everyone sat there and didn't say anything for a long time.

The Germans helped themselves to helmets, flight jackets and .45s.

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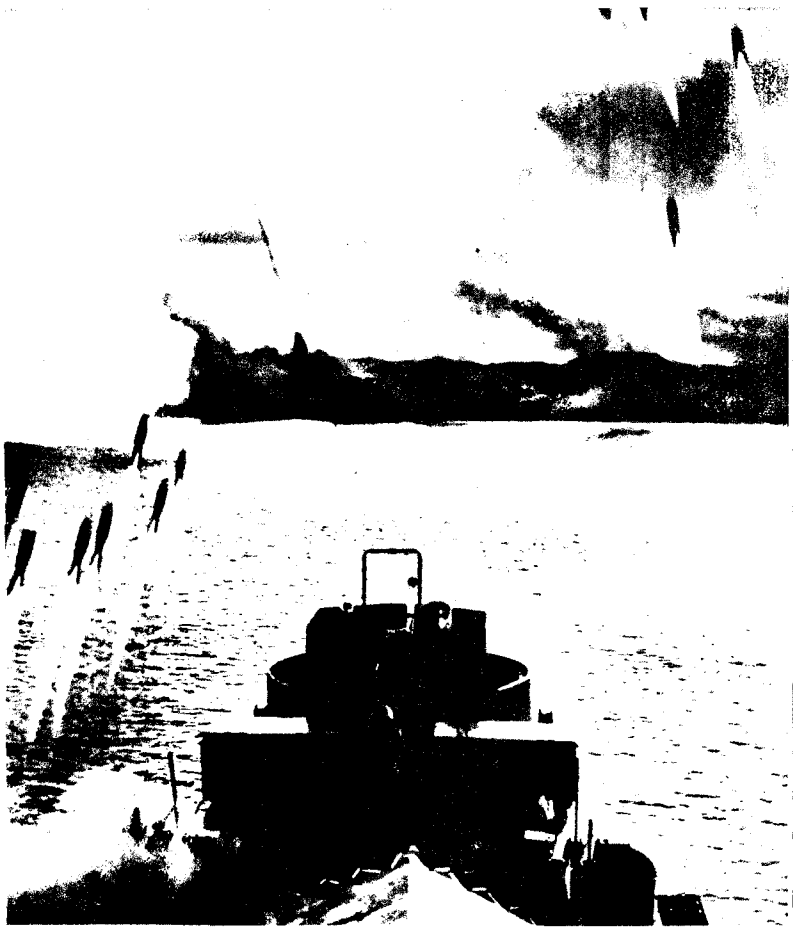
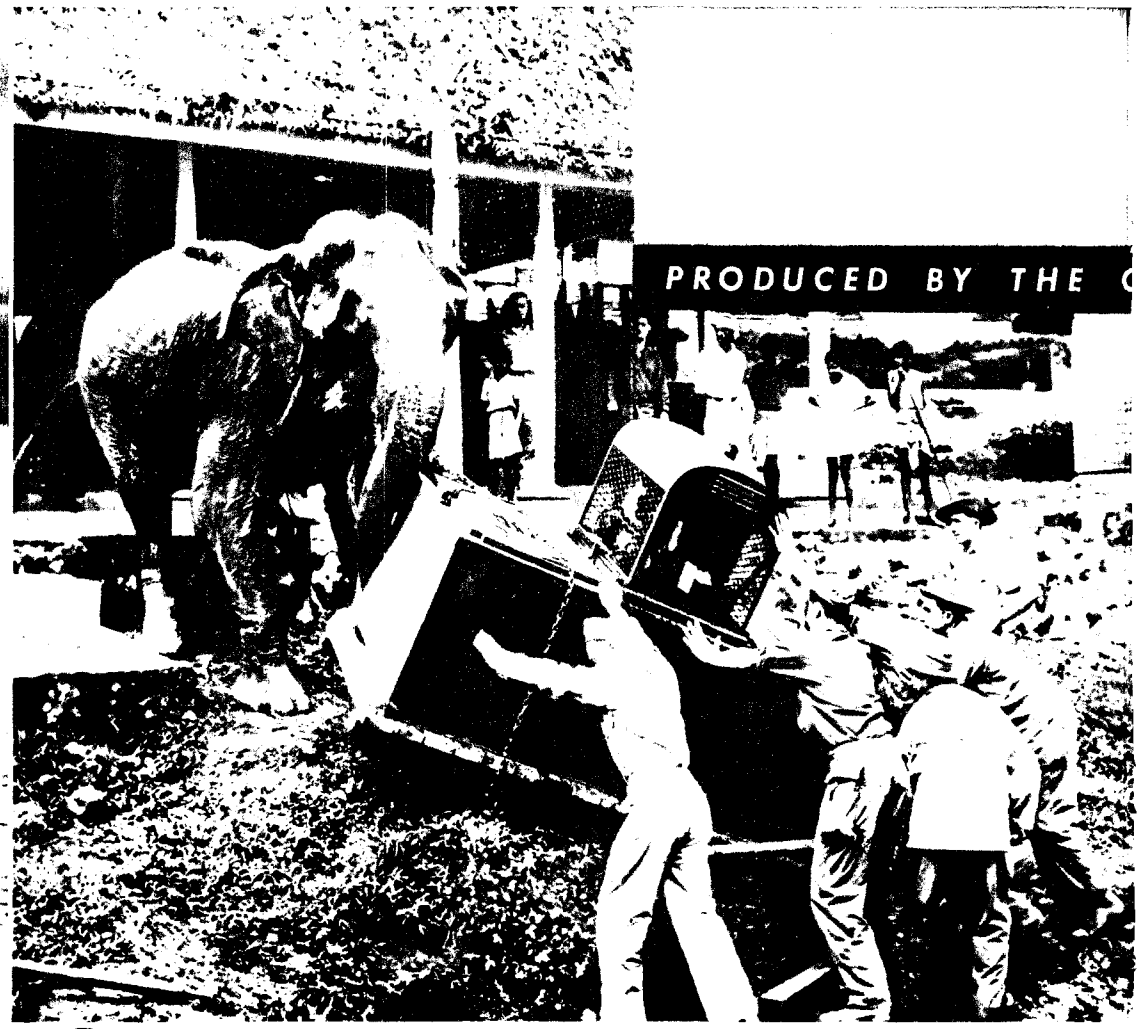
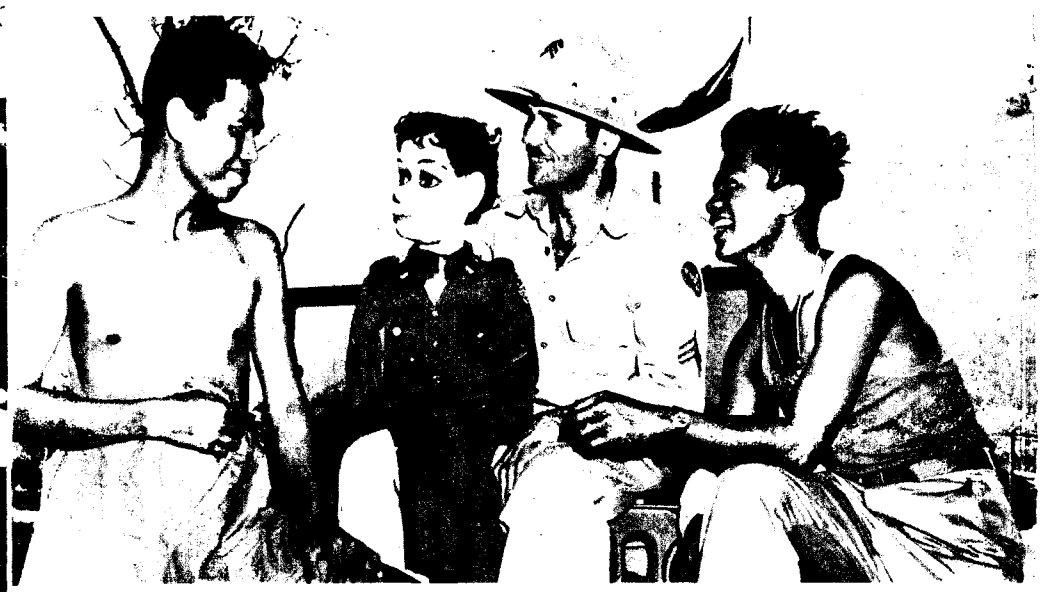


An LCI in the first assault wave on Mindoro, the Philippines, lays down a rocket barrage on the shore.

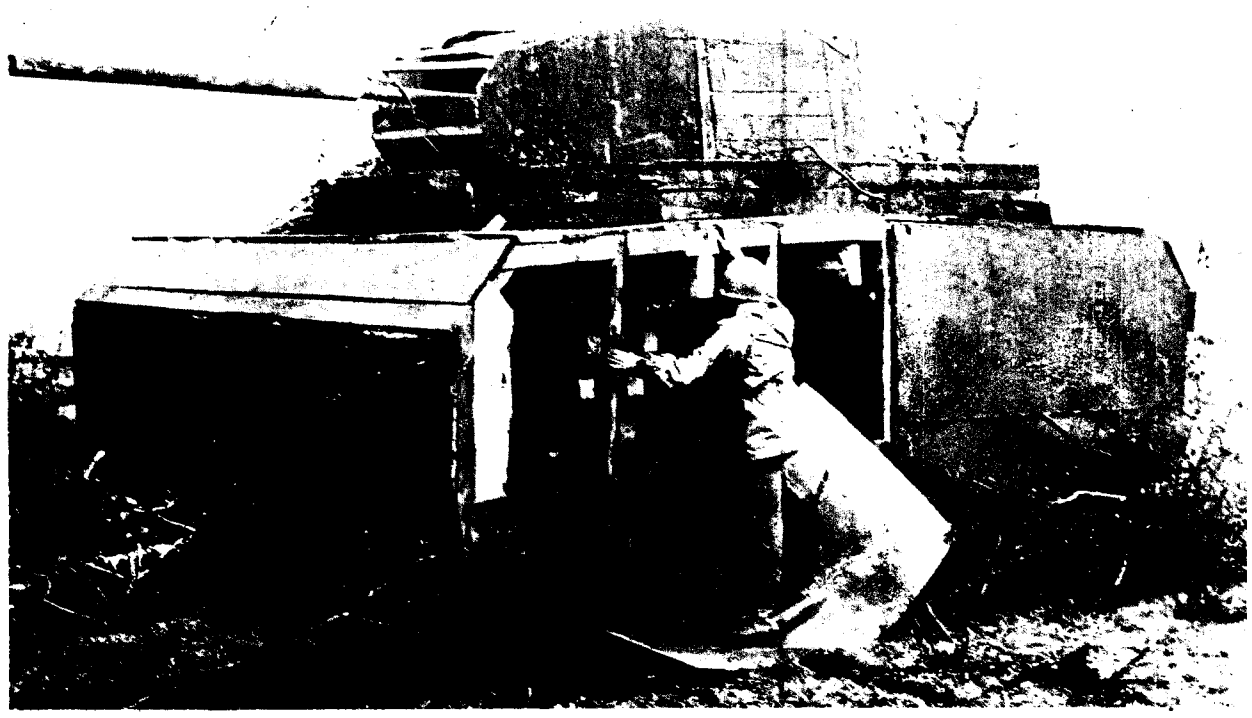


When the PX at Southeast Asia Command HQ got a new 2,600-pound refrigerator, the problem was: How to move it? A local elephant helped the PX boys turn the trick.

LIBERATION BOB. Filipino Blas Sypaco of Tacloban gets his first haircut in three years. He let hair grow throughout Jap occupation.



S/Sgt. Alex P. Smallwood sits on the knee of his friend, Sgt. Bob Mundstedt, in Dutch New Guinea. A couple of Javanese boys are impressed by his patter



FAKE TANK. A Yank in France examines one of the dummy wooden tanks erected by the Germans near Metz. It's a wooden frame with a drain-pipe gun mounted on a cart. From a distance it looks realistic.

Irving Chornus holds a hoop for Hi-Ki, a Doberman pinscher in the K-9 Corps, New Caledonia.

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In Puerto Rico, smiling Wac Sgt. Mary Lou Hayes passes out test papers to these four attractive young senoritas who have just volunteered to enlist in the Women's Army Corps.

Paul Vallee, 70, working in the Metz mess of S Sgt. Louis Bruno, cooked for Gen. Pershing in last war.

This is the volcano Fujiyama as seen through the nose of a B-29 Superfort on its way to bomb Tokyo. Superfort crews make use of the volcano as a guide to the Jap capital.

Usually people in far-away lands don't check with the ideas you get in the movies. Hawaii's May Moniz is a lovely exception.

Fifth Army noncoms are awarded commissions in Italy. In the rear are Lt. Donald R. Sprow, Lt. DeWitt H. French and Lt. Peter DeAugustine.

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MAIL CALL

Exams for Ratings

Dear YANK:

Suggestion contained in letter from Sgt. Luther Sockwell that all noncommissioned officers be required to take a competitive examination to determine their eligibility for promotion to higher grades is concurred in. It is further recommended that the right of all noncommissioned officers to be continued in grade be based on results to be obtained from a similar examination. If this recommendation is favorably considered, request that a board of officers be appointed to handle disposition of returned chevrons.

India —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

...A system of competitive examinations for ratings, like the one being used so successfully by the Navy, would not only be fair but would add an incentive to do things, to get somewhere, that is entirely lacking in the present set-up.

I have, and I am sure that the great majority of men in the Air Corps have, worked side by side with staff and tech sergeants, doing the same job, putting in the same hours as they did. Couldn't there be some reward for this, possibly a lousy pfc stripe at least?

I was stationed at 12 fields in the good old U. S. A. before coming overseas. I was Air Corps unassigned at eight of them, on detached service at two of them and assigned to two. I was in two squadrons at one of the latter and three squadrons in the other, not being at either one over four months.

We don't begrudge the other fellows their stripes, but are we to remain in the status quo indefinitely?...

Marshall Islands —Pvt. CHARLES L. NICHOLAS

Dear YANK:

Referring to Sgt. Sockwell's letter, may I add this? Many men now flying the Hump with 600 to 1,200 hours and plenty of time in the Army are still privates and pfcs with no prospect for promotion, partly because new men with rank are shipped into their organizations. How about enlarging the T/O to fit the number of men in each department as well as instituting exams for ratings?

India —Cpl. L. LOZIER

Latrine-Pit Doctor

Dear YANK:

Two years ago I answered an urgent appeal from the Government to help alleviate the shortage of physicians in the Army. I left the small town where I was the only doctor and volunteered for the Army. Can I say that I was disillusioned when I didn't get to do a lick of medicine or surgery in the next two years' time? Yes.

In that interval I have inspected many a latrine and garbage pit and expressed my approval or disdain thereof. I can pride myself that I have become somewhat of an expert or specialist in that particular field. Maybe I have saved lives—who can say? If improperly constructed, someone might have fallen in. Even Chic Sale couldn't have questioned my opinions, and don't you say, "TS, brother," either!

Seriously, what the hell is the deal here? What kind of a physician and surgeon will I be when the war is over? I don't make a habit of writing wacky letters to papers or magazines, but it seems that if the Army is ever going to use me (or others like me) as a doctor, they'd better give me either a job in a hospital or a discharge pretty soon. If not, I'll be no good for myself or anyone else.

Italy —Capt. (Name Withheld)

Shoulder Patches

Dear YANK:

...Many soldiers, on returning to the States for reassignment, find that they must remove the shoulder patches that they wore overseas and wear the insignia of the outfit that they are assigned to in the States. Many men overseas are proud of the outfit which they are or have been a part of while overseas. Why can't there be a regulation authorizing the wearing on the right shoulder of the insignia of the organization that a man served in overseas and on the left shoulder the patch for his present organization?

France —Cpl. GEORGE SALEZCAN

Simple Solution

Dear YANK:

In all the post-war planning in which every GI Joe or Jane is an interested party, a few glaring facts stand out.

First, no plan has come to light to stop war at its source—propaganda, the control of public opinion. Before people can be made to fight, they must be made to think that, for them, war is the best solution to their national problem. The German people, not Hitler, made the war. We American people decided we had to fight. And when we can convince every man in the world that war does not pay, all war will stop.

How convince them? Not so hard. Set up an international propaganda board, get every nation to agree to give free outlet to its information. Put the greatest showmen and advertising geniuses on the board. Pay them well. Make it worth someone's while to persuade the world that war is the worst possible solution, with the same subtle mastery of feeling that in the last few years put a cigarette in every mouth.

What to tell them? Great demonstrations of the destructive force of war. In the last few days of this war, as in the last one, new terrible weapons have been born. If there is another war (and there need not be) every family will lose a man or a mother or a daughter or grandmother. War will be on every doorstep—of the winners as well as the losers. Show them that. Haul out the new secret weapons. Let all men know that nothing is worse than war. Make every man know that war is poor business, a lost cause, and war will end.

When world crimes occur, let the board serving the people give them the blazing knowledge of the inhumanity of it. It can be done. If Hitler can make a nation of fanatic fighters in 10 years, we can do it in reverse and to the world. Is he smarter or his cause better? If not, the job can be done.

Germany —1st Lt. WILLIAM A. JONES

Lucky 13

Dear YANK:

Some people are superstitious about the number 13 and Friday the 13th. Yet I believe that it must be my luckiest day.

On Friday the 13th, a jeep numbered 13 came by and picked 13 of us up and took us to briefing. The same day, I made my 13th mission and when we reached the ground I counted 13 flak holes all located around my turret, and yet luckily I didn't get a single scratch.

Italy —Sgt. WILLIAM M. SANDERLIN

Lump-Sum Insurance

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK you stated that a married man's GI insurance beneficiary, if she is under 30 years, will receive $55.51 a month in the event of her husband's death. Now, I understand that this is supposed to protect her from herself. In other words, the Army says that the women we GIs left at home aren't capable of handling money.

Why not give out that $10,000 and let the beneficiaries use part of that money to buy a home? A two-family house would give her a home and, in many cases, an income from the rent almost as big as the $55.51 a month she gets under the present plan. At least if she buys a home she will have something besides a pittance of some 50-odd dollars until she is in her 50s and then everything stops. It doesn't sound like the best protection for the future to me.

Camp Rucker, Ala. —Pvt. LEN LIPTON

Soldiers and GIs

Dear YANK:

It takes courage to buck against so many people, but we would like to know who the person was that started referring to a soldier as a "GI." Discussing it with all the fellows over here, I find that most of them hate to be called GI. Anybody can be a GI, but it takes a man to be a soldier, sailor or marine.

What would Washington have said if you asked him to send up a GI? Nathan Hale said: "As a soldier I'll gladly die." Abraham Lincoln said: "A soldier is more than just a man. He's a bearer of truth and faith in the things that go to make up everlasting decency of mankind." Gen. Pershing said: "Only as soldiers who know what they are fighting for, do my men push on." Francis Scott Key didn't know any GIs; he wrote only of the guys who kept the flag "still there."

When we walk over our dead buddies we wouldn't refer to them as dead GIs. And when we get home again, and see our buddies' loved ones, we just couldn't say: "Your son died a GI's death." When we think of GI we think of items of issue, but we are not issued; we are here for a cause.

When I got in the Army they told me I was a soldier, and that's what I have been. GI might be a term for some people in this Army, but not for us. I may not be all the way right, but lots of fellers are with me on it.

Netherlands East Indies —Sgt. FRANK K. TURMAN

Shavetail's Troubles (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

My heart bleeds for Lt. Willis E. P. McNelly and other officers who feel "frozen out" at the Stage Door Canteen, or similar establishments intended primarily to boost the sagging morale of the insignificant and inconspicuous enlisted man. Truly, something should be done about it.

Officers have their swanky clubs on practically every post, their weekly officers' dances, dinners, etc. They also have access to privately owned night spots that tack up "OFFICERS ONLY" signs. But that isn't enough. They demand a TS slip if privates cast a cold eye on them when they come to share the EM's cake.

Tough war, lieutenant!

Alaska —Sgt. CARL E. DAVIDSON

Navy Overseas Bars

Dear YANK:

The Army is privileged to wear overseas stripes, one for each six months of duty outside the continental limits. Why doesn't the Navy adopt the idea?

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —ROBERT LEE ROHMAN CM1c

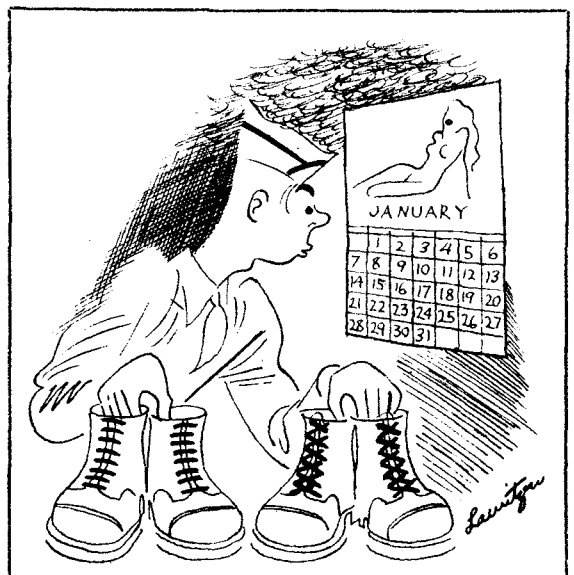
Patrolling Germany

Dear YANK:

I agree with Pvt. George Elias that jobs of patrolling Germany should be made exclusively for training of high-school graduates or fellows of that age. After all, they ought to have one year's military training, and why not kill two birds with one stone?

I do, however, disagree with his idea of financing the project. Instead of "a few cents tax pay deducted every pay day for security," as he put it, let's make the Germans pay for it. After all, when Germany marched into France she made the French pay millions of *francs* daily. She also made the other countries she conquered pay to have her "protect them." Then again, who started this war? Should we pay to see that it doesn't happen again? A criminal pays for his crimes in various ways, so why not make Germany pay for hers? Disregard Germany's financial state as she disregarded France's. Send over economic experts to run her factories and big business.

Camp Mackall, N. C. —Pfc. I. PEPPE



Alternating Shoes

Dear YANK:

Our latest order is something I don't understand. Maybe you can help me.

We have been given an order to lace our shoes differently. I mean each pair. A cross lace and a block lace. We must wear the block-lace pair of shoes on even-numbered days only. And the cross-lace on the odd days only. The order says we must change shoes every day. But what do we do when the month has 31 days in it?

I've been in the Army over three years. And it's the first time I've ever been ordered how to lace my shoes. And I'm over 21 years of age. So do they actually pay people to waste time when there's a war on to tell someone how to lace their shoes and make it as uncomfortable for the poor EM as possible?

If you wish to check my statement you could ask any member of the 803d FA Battalion or look at the lace in the shoes on two different days, odd and even.

Camp Bowie, Tex. —(Name Withheld)

Stripeless Flannery

Dear YANK:

Because we have laughed hilariously and long at the drawings of one Tom Flannery, we have a slight request. Is it possible to make Pvt. Tom Flannery a sergeant? (I say again, sergeant!) His work is tops as a morale builder.

Germany —Pvt. JERRY C. HIGGINS

■ Pvt. Flannery will just have to wait his turn.

Military Police

Dear YANK:

Many discussions of late have been centered upon the tactics the military police are practicing in rear areas, where the boys from forward areas go on furlough to get away from "jungle life" but return with their morale lower than before they went.

Why? Because while maybe Jungle Jim is walking down the street of a city, along comes a gold-plated lieutenant who, rumor has it, is nothing more than an MP salute trap. Maybe Jungle Jim is glancing at a sacred cow that is causing a traffic jam, or maybe he is sweating out one of the first white girls he has seen in months, coming out of a building. He fails to catch the gleam of gold as it passes, so he's taken away to a deserted street or area where other sinners are awaiting the consequences. The prisoners are lined up, lectured on military courtesy and given close-order drill for one to two hours.

We are writing you in the hope that your readers may enlighten us on the reason for all of this chicken.

Also, are we to regard furlough and rest camps as a basic-training refresher course or may we continue to believe that they are for the purpose of building our morale?

India —S/Sgt. V. W. LONG*

*Also signed by seven others.

Dear YANK:

Having been in the MPs for some time now and noticing the way the other branches of the service feel toward us, I am wondering why they don't realize that we are to help them instead of throw them in the can every time we get a chance. I personally have taken overintoxicated GIs out of town and back to camp, where their buddies put them to bed, instead of into the guardhouse. Why the hell don't some of these MP-haters wake up and look at our side of the situation? We have a job to do as well as they.

Alaska —(Name Withheld)

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Cpl. Bizzle's Busy Day

By Sgt. GRANT ROBBINS

CHINA—Cpl. Harry Bizzle had the afternoon off. He stood outside the armament shack and looked down the length of the runway, estimating with a glance the number of wing guns he would not have to clean that afternoon.

He got a little pleasure out of that, but not much out of anything else; neither the bright sky nor the exotic mountain scenery had meaning for him any more. He had served 19 months at one isolated backwoods fighter strip in China and he was still there. Not only was he unable to get away from the base, but nothing ever came there to liven things up. Not even a light Jap raid. The monotony was getting unbearable.

Harry went back to the barracks disgusted. He flopped down on his cot and began to think. He unconsciously reached up and tied knots in two dangling strings that hung from the mosquito netting over his head. Without his being aware of it, these two limp strings were an integral part of his daily life. Since that day 19 months ago when he had tossed his barracks bag on the bunk and strung up the netting, the two strings had dangled. He had spent countless hours tying them into loose slipknots and swinging them back and forth while he lay on GI blankets and thought.

He ought to go some place, do something. He made a rapid calculation of the places he could go once he had walked out the barracks door. There were five, and that completely exhausted the list: First, the village—a horrible mud-brick hole that offered for its feature attraction a violent white liquor called air-raid juice; second, the mess hall; third, the Special Service tent, where there were no new books; fourth, the latrine; fifth, the armament shop, but Harry didn't work on afternoons off.

He gave the strings another disgusted flip and cursed the day back in the States he had gone to Lowry Field Armament School. He picked up a four-month-old Sunday comic section of the Kansas City *Star*. His favorite strip was "Terry and the Pirates." There were beautiful girls, lots of color and action and adventure. Harry read it for the eighth time and then fell asleep, the paper slipping from his hand to the floor. The two strings dangling over his head slowly rotated to a dead stop. No breeze stirred through the quiet barracks.

"THIS is it, corporal," said the colonel, reaching out to shake Harry's hand. "From now on you are on your own. These papers on my desk are your credentials and certify that you are no longer in the Army but are actually a secret agent disguised as a common American soldier."

The colonel turned to a map on the wall and pointed to a red circle in the center of it. "Within this circle," said the colonel, "is the isolated village of Yu Hu. We have reason to believe that it is the center of Jap spy activities."

"What is there to spy on here?" asked Harry.

The colonel frowned and cleared his throat. He pointed to a spot on the map not far from the rim of the circle. "Tonight at midnight you and your equipment will be parachuted from a plane at this point. Do you have any special request?"

"Yes," replied Harry, who knew what he wanted, "I want a jeep with the name 'Mabel' printed below the windshield in yellow letters."

"Very well," said the colonel. "Just sign this requisition."

The whole business of that night was very vague, but the next morning seemed quite vivid. As he drove *Mabel* through the white streets of the town he heard the sound of gongs and the wail of a siren. On all sides were beautiful women, dressed in colorful clothes, who gave him sidelong glances. He parked the jeep beneath an alabaster arch and questioned the guard in perfect Chinese as to the best hotel in town. Receiving directions, he entered a nearby bar and ordered a thick, rare steak, strawberry shortcake and Scotch-and-soda. As he ate, three olive-skinned sing-song girls slunk into seats at his table and began crooning softly into his ear.

"Very pretty," he commented to one girl, who seemed to be trying to sit on his lap. Two men in long mandarin coats and drooping mustaches peered at him from across the room. One of them, in lifting a teacup to his lips, revealed a dagger resting in the voluminous folds of his sleeve.

"Bad characters," thought Harry. "They'll bear watching."

Beside him on the wall hung a clock. Two pendulums dangled motionless by his head. Harry pushed the pendulums and they began to swing frantically. The two men suddenly rushed from the cafe in terror and the sing-song girls disappeared. Leaving behind him five Chinese dollars to take care of the check, Harry started toward the hotel. There was a tremendous explosion as he drove off. Looking backward, he saw the entire cafe crumble into ruins.

The lobby of the hotel was large and cool. He sat down next to a beautiful blonde, who said she was from Minnesota and hadn't seen an American soldier since the war started. They had a few drinks and talked over the situation. There were two huge chandeliers suspended from the high ceiling. They began to sway; the building shook; there were deep rumblings.

"What's that?" asked Harry.

"Just an air raid," she said. "We have them every day."

He threw the Minnesota female over his shoulder, grasped the bell ropes and began to climb.

"Good heavens, let's go up on the roof. I've never seen one."

On the roof was a machine gun. The planes were approaching, strafing and dropping bombs. They came in low, almost to the level of the roof. Harry sprang to the gun.

"Please don't," pleaded the beautiful blonde.

"Don't be silly. I've seen this . . ." He started to say "this picture before" but somehow it didn't fit in.

As the planes came closer the blonde grasped the feed belt and said "Now." Harry flipped open the breech and began to disassemble the gun.

"No one can beat me," he said. "At Lowry Field I held the .50-caliber record for my class."

While bombs dropped with terrific concussion around them, he reduced the gun to bits of metal. By the time he'd reassembled it the raid was over.

"You're wonderful," said the blonde.

"Merely a matter of practice," he replied.

They walked down a long dark corridor and the blonde held tightly to his hand.

"You have saved my life," she whispered. "I want to do something for you."

"Yes?"

There was a pause.

"Well, I can show you what you're looking for, the Jap spy ring. There is an underground passage leading from this building."

The girl led him down long flights of slippery stone steps and through a damp, cold passageway.

"Now we are in the vaults," she whispered. "It is through here."

Just beyond, in a huge chamber hollowed from solid rock and lit by the light of gutted candles, stood a mammoth table, in the center of which was a scroll. Two ropes hung from a hole in the ceiling large enough to be a small well.

"What is that upside-down well?" Harry asked.

"It goes up to the surface and the ropes ring the alarm bell."

In a flash Harry was working calmly and efficiently. This ought to get me the Soldier's Medal or the Distinguished Flying Cross, he thought as he attached the flash bulb to his camera. He read the Japanese characters on the scroll with ease. This was it, all right—a complete roster of the spies and plans for destroying the airfields. Quickly, while the girl unrolled the scroll bit by bit, he snapped the shutter of the camera until he had the entire secret on film. There was a rumbling outside.

"We're trapped!" screamed the blonde.

Harry tore open the camera and slipped the exposed film into his pocket. He threw the Minnesota female over his shoulder, grasped the bell ropes and began to climb. A siren shrieked, bells rang, the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun roared in the hollow chamber. He struggled through the ceiling toward a light above. As they were about to reach the surface, two evil faces with long mustaches appeared at the opening. The two mandarins! One of them held the ropes together and the other began to cut with his knife. He was still sawing away when Harry reached the top and climbed out into daylight.

"What's the matter, Bub?" said Harry. "Knife dull?" He spoke in the tone of voice used by MPs. There was another explosion.

THAT was all Harry could stand. He awoke to the humdrum world of reality. The barracks was quiet and a gentle breeze blew through the window. In the distance could be heard the steady, faint thunder of airplane motors. The two strings on the mosquito net swayed aimlessly.

Ten minutes passed and Bud Fendenkowitz stomped through the door, sweating and panting, his clothes covered with mud. In his hand was a helmet. He looked at Harry suspiciously.

"How did you make it back so fast?" he asked.

"Back from where, stupid? I've been sleeping."

Bud sat down on the next bunk in a daze, helmet in hand, staring at Harry reverently.

"Do you mean to tell me you slept through the alarm—the whole raid—all three passes the Jap bombers made over the field?"

Bud stopped. There was no answer, so he continued: "Well, they blew up an irrigation ditch and two empty revetments. Someone said your new pfc assistant from India bagged a Zero from the gun pit down by the armament shack."

Harry Bizzle lay on his back and said nothing. He took a knife from his pants pocket, flipped open the blade and with a quick stroke cut the two dangling strings from the center of the net.

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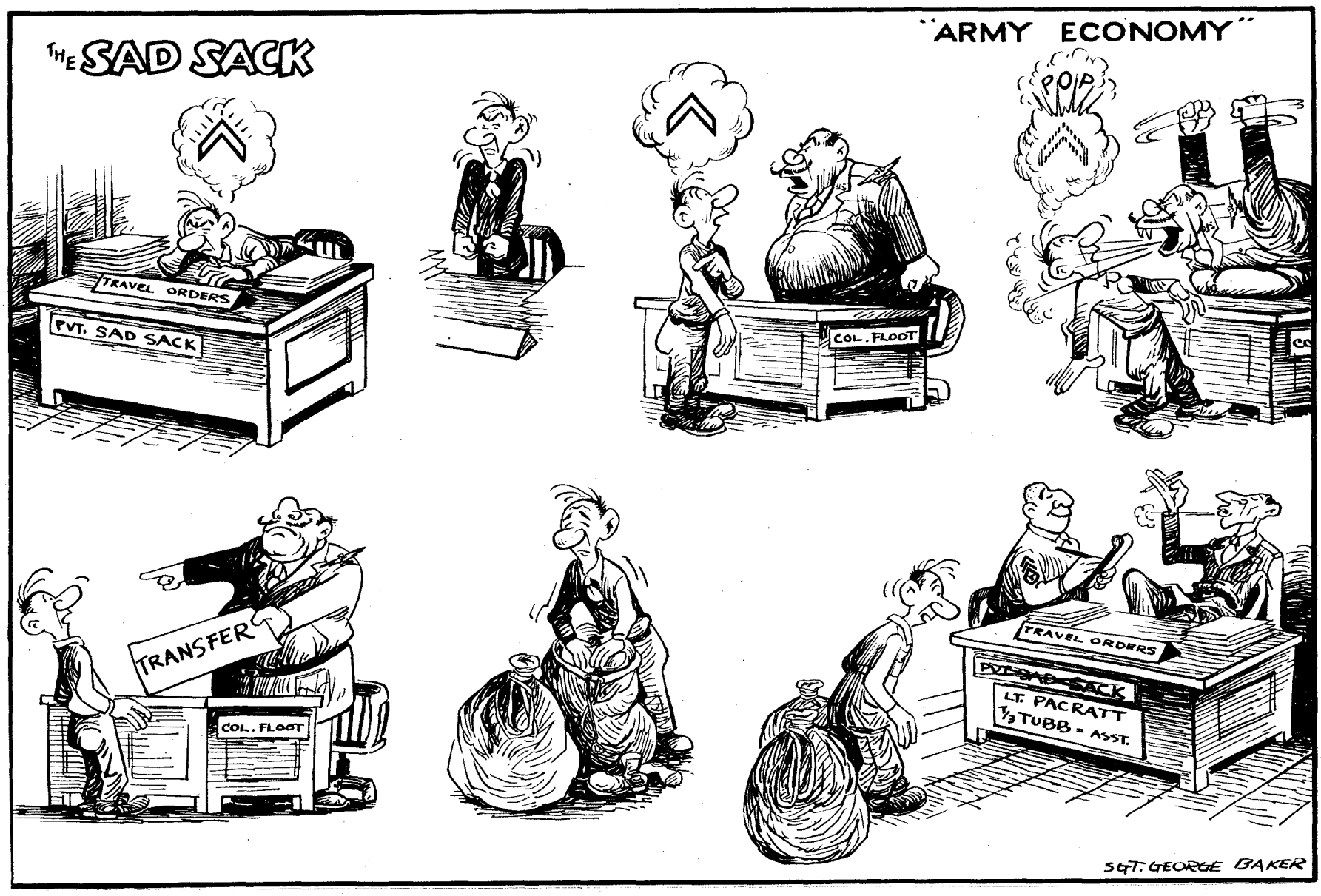


RCAF Wings

Dear YANK:

Before I joined the Army I served in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Am I permitted to wear my Canadian wings on my Army uniform? If I am, where do I wear them in relation to my Air Corps wings?

Hawaii —S/Sgt. WILLIAM MORGAN

■ You may wear your RCAF wings on your Army uniform. They should be worn over the right pocket of your blouse. If you wear both sets of wings at once, the AAF wings should be worn over the left pocket.

Travel Pay

Dear YANK:

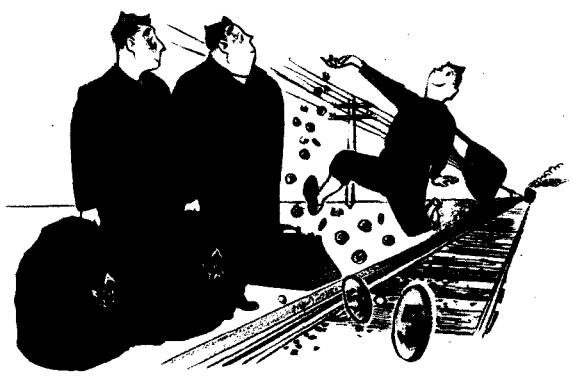
In your report on the Demobilization Plan, you stated that Pfc. Fake received $100 mustering-out pay and $39.55 for travel pay. Just how was this travel pay figured and what is the basis for receiving this extra pay?

At our last administrative inspection we were told to line out all entries concerning travel pay when an enlisted man is discharged. The inspector claimed that travel pay is now unauthorized and all entries pertaining to travel pay were lined out and marked void. If this entry is marked void how can an enlisted man claim travel pay? This is very confusing to our service-record clerks and the rest of the squadron also.

Italy —1st Sgt. H. SCHEIN*

*Also signed by S. Sgt. J. A. Godon, Sgts. H. H. Bridges, P. J. Lemer, P. E. Reiche, and Cpls. R. A. McGuinness, L. J. Perelli.

■ YANK's statement was and is correct. Enlisted men who are discharged or released from active service still receive travel pay of 5 cents per mile as provided in AR 35-2560.



What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Overseas Allotment

Dear YANK:

I am engaged to a French girl, and we plan on being married soon after hostilities with Germany have ceased. Will she, after marriage, be entitled to a dependency allotment? If so, will this allotment make any change in the dependency allotment which my mother has been getting up to now?

Belgium —Pvt. M. A. WATTS

■ Your bride will receive a Class A allowance of $50 a month. The fact that she is not an American citizen and that she is living in a foreign country will have no bearing on her right to the allowance. There may be some delay in the payment of the allowance because of currency restrictions, but in any case she will receive the full allowance from the date that you first apply. Your mother's allowance will continue after your marriage, and the two allowances will cost you a total of $27 per month.

Loss of Pay

Dear YANK:

Due to a series of unfortunate circumstances I was hospitalized for a venereal disease. In all, I was in the hospital for just 10 days. When I got my pay I found that my pay for the 10 days was forfeited because they claim that this time in the hospital is bad time. I do not understand that, because I was told that we would no longer lose any pay for this reason. Yet my orderly room insists that I am not entitled to pay for the time I spent in the hospital. Are they right?

Italy —(Name Withheld)

■ No, they aren't. Under present regulations [AR 35-1440, 17 Nov. 1944] "absence from regular duties on account of a venereal disease, whether or not due to misconduct, will not cause loss of pay." See your CO about getting the deduction refunded.

Blue Discharge

Dear YANK:

I have been in trouble on a number of occasions and have served about four months in the guardhouse. I have heard all sorts of rumors which would indicate that I'll probably get a blue discharge (without honor). Does this mean I can't get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights after I am discharged, as my buddies tell me? Just where do I stand? I had been planning on going back to school, and the free tuition would make a heck of a lot of difference.

Central Pacific —T-5 HAROLD J. LESTER

■ If you get a blue discharge you will not forfeit your right to the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. Only veterans who receive dishonorable discharges are out of luck under that law. All other types of discharge entitle the holder to the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

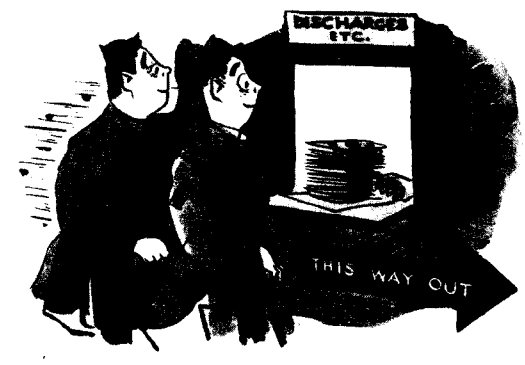
Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

In civilian life I was a tool maker in a plant making highly critical war goods. Recently the firm wrote the War Department requesting my discharge as an essential man. Apparently the discharge is going to come through, because I was shipped here from Alaska and I am marking time waiting for all the papers to be put through. If I am discharged to take a job in an essential industry, will I get mustering-out pay, or am I out of luck?

Camp Beale, Calif. —Pfc. JOSEPH LOWE

■ When a man is discharged to go into essential industry, he gets no mustering-out pay if he has served only in the U. S. He does get it if he has had overseas service [WD Bulletin 3 (1944)]. So you'll get a payment of $300.



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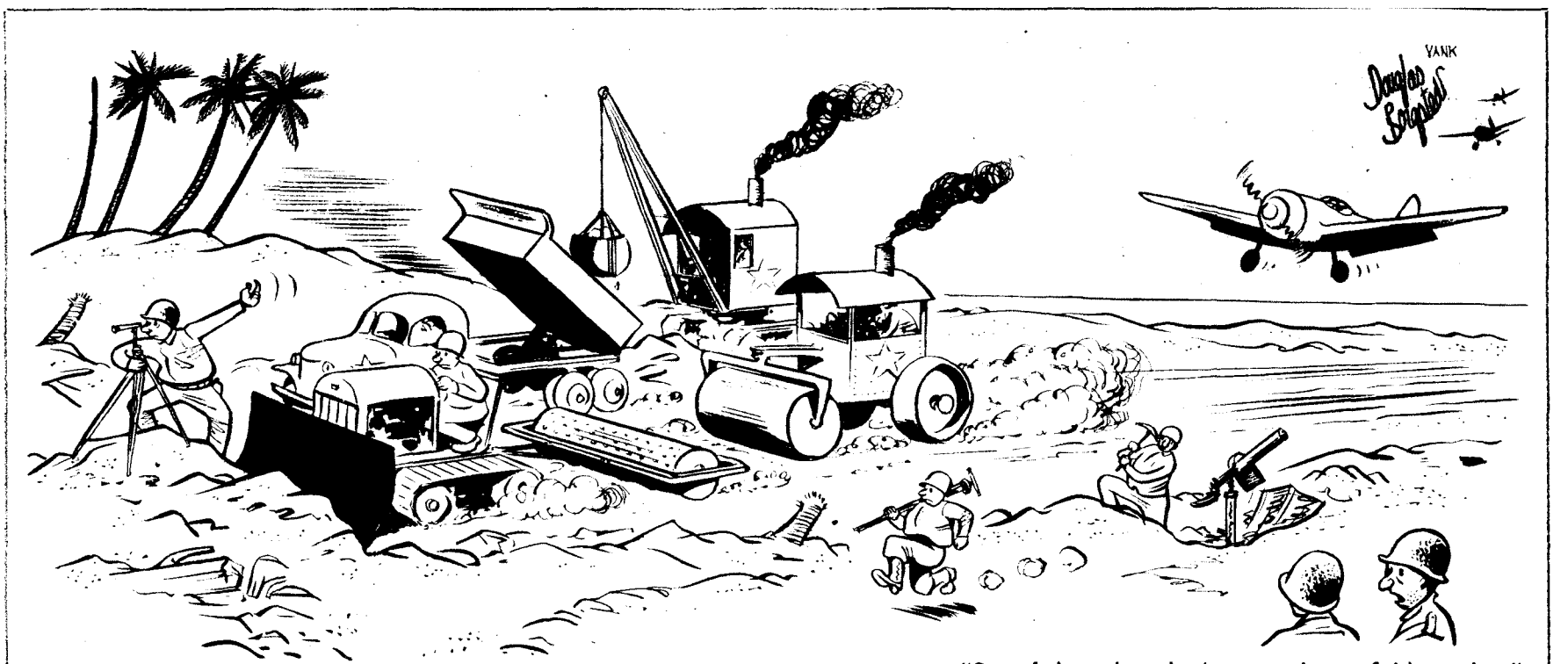

"One of these days they're not going to finish on time."

STRICTLY GI

Casualties

MORE than 30,000 sick and wounded battle cases were sent back to the States for treatment during December. The number of returned sick and wounded is now so large that the Medical Department can no longer make it a policy to send patients to hospitals nearest their home towns.

From now on, the Medical Department's first concern will be to send the patient to the hospital best equipped to take care of his particular injury or sickness. If there is a choice of such hospitals, the patient will be sent to the one nearest his home town.

Up to Dec. 21, U. S. combat casualties totaled 638,139. This was an increase of 9,698 over the last announced total, covering the war through Dec. 14. Army casualties totaled 556,352 through Dec. 21, an increase of 8,529, and the Navy's total was 81,787, an increase of 1,169 over the Dec. 14 total. The Dec. 21 total breaks down as follows: Army—103,991 killed, 326,127 wounded, 66,567 missing, 59,667 prisoners. Navy—31,332 killed, 36,697 wounded, 9,277 missing, 4,481 prisoners.

At the end of the first week of January the War Department had not received a complete statement of personnel and materiel losses resulting from the German drive which started Dec. 16.

Cold-Weather Mask

A new face mask for use of troops exposed to extremely cold weather will be issued soon by the Quartermaster Corps. It is made of water-repellent cotton sateen, lined with wool pile and felt, and has a movable flap to permit eating, drinking and smoking.

The new mask takes the place of one that did not offer sufficient protection. At 40 below zero a 10-mph wind will freeze an unprotected face within one minute. The new masks, tested for 40 minutes at 40 below against a 20-mph wind, proved satisfactory.

AAF Training Aid

A full-sized bomber nose, complete with Norden bombsight, bombrack controls, switches and instruments, is one of the AAF's training aids for student bombardiers. A movie film, recorded on a screen and reflected in a mirror beneath the nose, gives the student rolling terrain on which to set the bombsight and release the bombs. The training device may be regulated as to speed and altitude, and bomb hits are recorded by points of light on the reflection.

The trainer was made primarily to prepare bombardiers to use the Norden sight, but it is also used overseas to give bomber crews a preview of target runs before a mission.

Correction

It was stated in a recent issue of YANK that the 38th Division was in Western Europe. The whereabouts of the 38th Division have not been officially disclosed.

New Speed Record

A new transcontinental speed record was set by an Army Boeing strato-cruiser when it flew from Seattle, Wash., to Washington, D. C., a distance of 2,340 miles, in six hours and nine minutes. Average speed was about 380 mph.

The plane is a transport counterpart of the B-29 Superfortress. The previous record was held by a Lockheed Constellation, which covered the distance in six hours and 57 minutes last April.

Chinese Junk

A QM salvage yard in China is making as much as $750,000 CN (Chinese currency) a month selling Army junk to the Chinese. An empty tin can brings more than can and contents would cost in the U. S. A No. 10 can now brings $180 CN. The Chinese make the cans into kitchen utensils, office supplies and lamps. A blown-out tire will bring $18,000 CN, or about $60 U. S., at open market exchange. From the tires Chinese make rickshaw tires, shoe soles or tires for horse carts.

WAC Training

The Women's Army Corps Training Center at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, is now the only one still operating in the U. S., following discontinuance of the center at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. At one time there were five WAC centers in the country.

Closing of the centers was brought about by WAC acceptance into Regular Army training channels as well as by reduction of enlistment quotas. Rather than build up mass WAC strength, the Army is now recruiting for specialists.

More than 90,000 Wacs are on active duty, 15,000 of them overseas.

Mail Delayed in Europe

Heavy movement of personnel and materiel in Western Europe, necessitated by the German drive, has caused a delay in the delivery of mail to soldiers in that theater. Delivery of Christmas packages was also delayed to some extent, but the Army Postal Service reports that of 62 million Christmas packages sent to men overseas, 90 percent had been delivered before Dec. 25.

GI Shop Talk

T-5 Eric Gunnar Gibson, Swedish immigrant boy of Chicago, Ill., who was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for gallantry in Italy, has been given the Legion of Merit . . . . Antiaircraft gunners of the U. S. First Army have knocked down more than 500 enemy planes since D-Day . . . . Analysis of captured German flour shows that Nazi soldiers are getting bread bulked up with soybeans, corn and sawdust . . . . Quartermaster bakers in France now date their bread as a guide to mess officers . . . . This year Australia furnished more than $100 million worth of food to American forces in the Southwest Pacific . . . . Portable ice plants run under fire by quartermaster troops on the Anzio beachhead furnished hospitals with ice and cold-storage facilities . . . . Belgian and French concerns are manufacturing 60- and 81-mm mortars for U. S. forces on the Western Front . . . . The Army recently bought more than four million containers of cosmetics—for camouflaging fighting men's faces . . . . First U. S. service-club hostesses to serve in an active theater of war have arrived in Paris and Brussels. The women are hired by Special Services Division . . . . Pacific U. S. bombers are using captured Jap bombs to attack enemy islands . . . . Three German prisoners convicted of rioting at Camp Chaffee, Ark., have been given 10-year prison terms . . . . Switzerland and Sweden will participate in an air-shuttle system to speed up letter mail to and from U. S. prisoners in Germany and Japan . . . . Incidence of tuberculosis in the Army has been cut to one-tenth of its rate in the first World War.

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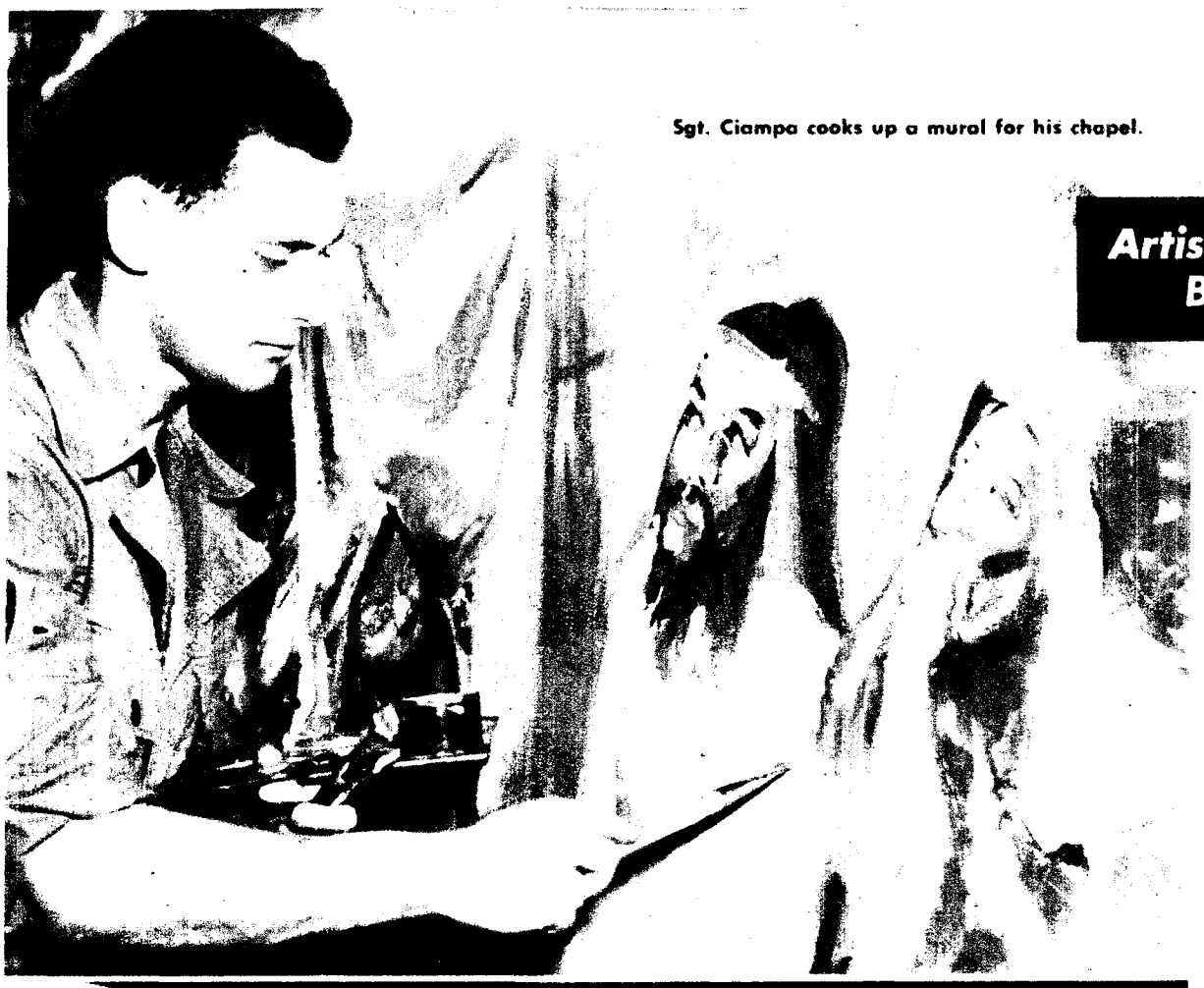


Sgt. Ciampa cooks up a mural for his chapel.

Artist Becomes an Army Cook But Keeps on Painting

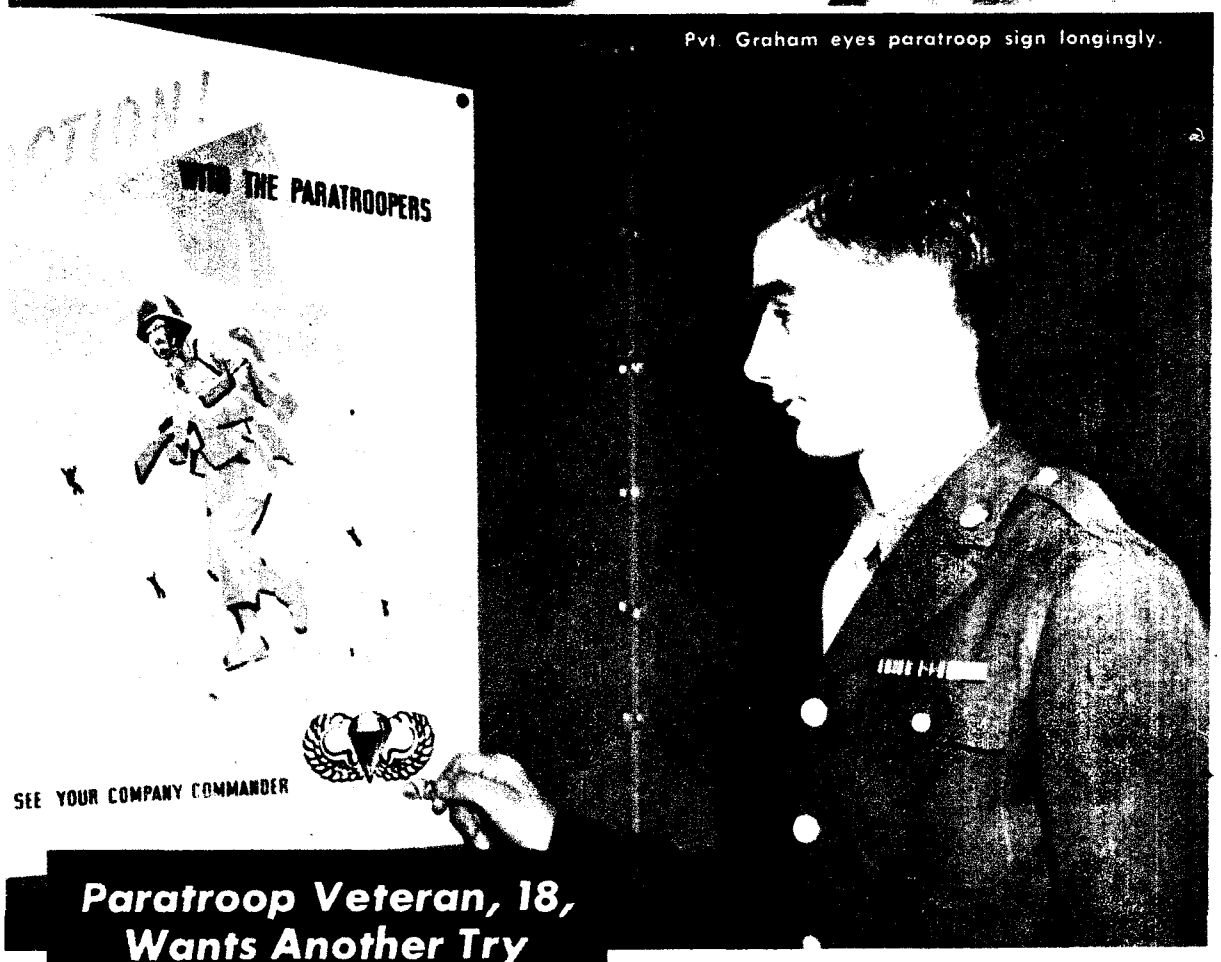
Kelly Field, Tex.—Sgt. Tony Ciampa of Brooklyn, who was a civilian artist and is now an Army cook, pursues both his callings here. He works his regular shift in the kitchen and spends his off-duty hours working on a mural, "Sermon on the Mount," which will be placed in the vestibule of the Catholic Chapel here.

Ciampa, who studied art at the National Academy of Design and the New York School of Industrial Art, was a package designer in the art department of the National Can Company before he entered the service. In his spare time he drew portraits and studied fine arts, because his ambition was to paint religious subjects.

On entering the Army, he was classified for general duty, shipped to a Puerto Rican base with his squadron and qualified as a cook while there. He painted a Biblical mural for a chapel at his base and had begun murals for several day rooms, but had to leave before any of the latter were finished.

Germany Was a Cinch

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—S/Sgt. Warren Mitchell of Morristown, N. J., completed 73 missions over Germany without a scratch and was convinced that he led a charmed life until he came home to Morristown on furlough from Sheppard Field, Tex. A car he was riding in skidded on a wet pavement, went into a spin and crashed into a tree. Mitchell, who suffered a split kneecap and other injuries, is now recuperating at the Fort Monmouth regional hospital.



Pvt. Graham eyes paratroop sign longingly.

Paratroop Veteran, 18, Wants Another Try

Camp Fannin, Tex.—Pvt. Foster J. Graham, 18, now taking infantry basic in Company A of the 59th Battalion, would like to get into the Paratroops, but he's 1¾ inches too tall. He was at least two inches shorter when he was 16, he says, but the two years he spent in the Paratroops stretched him a little.

This, incidentally, is Graham's third course of basic training. Between his second and third basics he got three campaign ribbons, three bronze stars, the Purple Heart, a sergeancy, a discharge and a 1-A classification from his local draft board in Chicago, Ill.

In September 1942, a month after his 16th birthday, Graham managed to enlist in the Army and was assigned to the Field Artillery. He finished basic in that branch and transferred to the Paratroops, where he took basic and participated in maneuvers.

Graham's mother accepted her son's being in the Army, despite his youth, so long as he was safe. When he stopped a German shell at Anzio, however, she decided that enough was enough, so she wrote to the War Department and asked for his discharge.

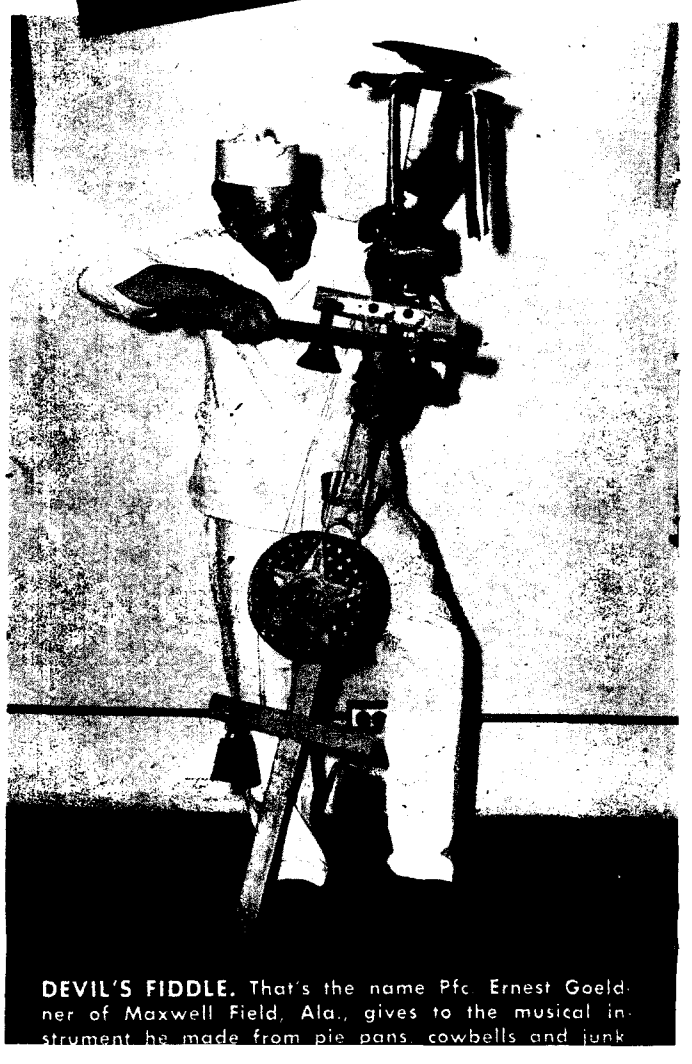
"I saw everyone in our division, from the Old Man down to the latrine orderly, when they told me I had to go home," Graham says. "But it was no go. They shipped me back to the States and I was discharged." After he had been sitting around home in his tweeds for three months, his 18th birthday came around and, with it, a letter beginning: "Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors . . ." Two weeks later he was at Camp Fannin, hut-hutting it as an Infantry rookie.

His application for readmission into the Paratroops was held up because of his added height, but his battalion commander, Maj. Linn D. Garibaldi, has endorsed the application and requested a waiver on his height. The letter is currently going "through channels," and Graham feels he has at least an even chance of wearing again the paratrooper's silver wings he always carries in his pocket.

In addition to the wings, which he cannot wear, and the Purple Heart, which he will not wear (because "it was my own damned fault and I'm not proud of it"), the ex-sergeant holds the Asiatic-Pacific, American Defense and European-African-Middle Eastern Ribbons. The three bronze stars he wears are for the Aleutian, North African and Italian campaigns. In the latter he fought at Naples, Mt. Trochia, San Vittorio, the Rapido River and the Anzio beachhead.

—Sgt. JAMES C. ANDERSON

Camp News



DEVIL'S FIDDLE. That's the name Pfc. Ernest Goeldner of Maxwell Field, Ala., gives to the musical instrument he made from pie pans, cowbells and junk.

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Guidebook With Stripes

Fort Sumner AAF, N. Mex.—A GI talking to Cpl. Sam Levinson of Brooklyn, N. Y., happened to mention that his own home town was Salem, Oreg.

"Nice place, Salem," said Sam. "Population around 30,900; state capital; in Marion County; two railroad stations and an airport; manufactures airplane linen material, wood boxes, paper, paper products and woolen goods."

"When were you in Salem?" asked the other soldier.

"Never been within a thousand miles of the place," said Sam.

Levinson has been confusing people in this fashion for some time. As an economics and accounting student at St. John's University in Brooklyn, he used to read encyclopedias, atlases and textbooks the way the average guy reads a newspaper. Today Levinson can reel off the population, area, location and main industries of almost every fair-sized city in America as casually as if he were telling you his name, rank and serial number. Despite all this, he maintains that he is no bookworm and he is proud of his interest in sports.

His job at Sumner is exactly what you might expect it to be. He's a clerk in finance.

Supreme Court to Army

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Pvt. John A. Kenning of the Infantry Replacement Center has a yen for the days when he was an important figure in the U. S. Supreme Court.

Though still a young man, Kenning has had long experience in the proceedings of the Supreme Court. A native of Germantown, Pa., Kenning went to Washington some years ago as an office boy in the Administrative Office of U. S. Courts and worked his way up through a line of clerkships to the position of deputy marshal and crier. It was his function to open the court with a ringing cry, "Oyez, oyez!"

Kenning expects to go back to his old job after the war. "But," he says, "I wouldn't be much good at crying 'Oyez' now. I'm rusty. Too much 'Hup, two, three, foah.'"

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Hq. Co. Southeastern Sector, Raleigh, N. C.—When some "X" clothing was issued here, T-3 Raymond Cassinelli spent an hour and a half trying on trousers without finding a pair to fit. When Cassinelli, discouraged, went looking for the trousers he had worn in, they were gone. They'd been snapped up by one of the other bargain hunters.

—Sgt. IRVING ROCKMORE

WITH MEN WHO KNOW—

McGuire General Hospital, Va.—The cigarette shortage doesn't bother Pfc. Angelo Tobacco of Yonkers, N. Y. "Let 'em keep their cigarettes," says Tobacco, "I smoke stogies."

Big-Mouth Champion

Langley Field, Va.—Cpl. Leonard Hanstein's friends say that he has the biggest mouth of any guy in the Army. He earned enough with it at banquets and on the stage to enter Southern Methodist University for a course in communications engineering.

Put four GI flashlight batteries in Cpl. Hanstein's mouth and it measures 6½ inches across. It will also hold six ping-pong balls or 100 rounds of carbine ammunition at one time, and a full-size harmonica will fit snugly inside. Hanstein can place a lighted pipe back against his tonsils, and when gum wasn't so scarce he thought nothing of chewing 102 pieces in one wad.

Back home in Oklahoma City, Leonard went into training at the age of 6 by putting his thumb in his mouth and following it with the rest of his fist. He's been featured on the radio in "Hobby Lobby" and in the movie short, "Strange as It Seems." Before coming to the AAFTC base at Langley, he performed in military installations at Dallas, Tex.; Palm Beach, Miami and Bora Baton, Fla., and Fort Sill, Okla.

Right now he's worrying because GI dentists have removed two of his teeth. Now when he puts four large hen's eggs in his mouth his changed dentures sometimes crack the shells. "I'm not keen for that kind of scrambled eggs," says Hanstein.

—Pfc. BOB ENSWORTH

Training Convalescents

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—The soldier in pajamas and red corduroy bathrobe spots his target, spins in his turret to line it up in the ring sight, pulls the trigger and "sends the enemy smoking out of the blue."

This is a daily routine in the convalescent-training room of the AAF Regional Station Hospital here, where a panoramic-gunnery trainer that originally belonged to the Navy is proving its worth both from a military and a therapeutic point of view.

The device is mounted in a basic-training turret that rotates, elevates and depresses at the control of the operator. Earphones provide the simulated sound of plane engines for the student as he peers at a small screen on which is projected planes flashing from all angles without warning. On the side of the film, hit-indicating marks register the shots fired and whether the target is correctly lined up in the ring sight.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Flora ASFTC Ordnance Plant, Miss.—When the librarian here sent out a card for an overdue book, it came back marked "Soldier AWOL." Title of the book: "Farewell to Arms."

DeRidder AAB, La.—Pvt. James Conte of the Signal Section finished peeling potatoes and the cook told him to lug the pot containing them to the icebox. An hour later the cook saw the same pot in the same spot and roared belligerently at Conte: "Didn't I tell you to put this in the icebox?" "I was going to," said Conte, "but the sign on the icebox door stopped me." The sign read, "KPS KEEP OUT."

Texarkana OUTC, Tex.—In three months of shop training, the 625th Ordnance Base Automotive Unit here has reclaimed about $500,000 worth of materiel, according to Maj. Donald W. Curtis, shop chief.

Camp Crowder, Mo.—There is no more mopping of floors in one barracks of Company I, 800th Signal Training Regiment. When Friday-night GI parties are held, the boys "swab the deck." The Navy lingo comes from 14 seamen who, as students of the Central Signal Corps School, share the barracks with the soldiers. Twelve Marine veterans are in another company of the same regiment.

Scott Field, Ill.—Sgt. Harold L. Asen, who writes the "Behind the Hangar" column in the *Broadcaster*, reports this one: When S/Sgt. William Mansur of Section A had a money order to cash, the postal clerk told him he'd have to have some form of identification. "Have you a friend in camp?" asked the clerk. "I don't know," replied Mansur. "I'm a PT instructor."

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Five new magnetic-tape recorders have been installed at the AAF Training Command Radio School so that students can hear their own hand-sending played back immediately after being recorded. The new instruments are expected to help men correct their errors better than the instructors can: the students have to transcribe their own sending.

Eagle Pass AAF, Tex.—The new noncom assigned to promote ground safety on the field is Cpl. William F. Daniels of Kansas City, Kans. In civilian life he was a mortician.

Camp Shanks, N. Y.—Cpl. Stan Bookstein of Barracks 76-21 bounded gaily into the station hospital to visit his buddy, Sgt. Harold Gold, and bolster his spirits. As Harry swung out of the bed to take the outstretched hand of his visitor, Stan's trick knee buckled. When the doctor entered the ward a few minutes later, he found the visitor stretched out in bed and Gold standing solicitously over him. The doctor then taped the knee so Bookstein could hobble on his way.

MEDICS' STATION. Pvt. Glenn Reynolds (left) and Cpl. Robert Gould wire music and patter to the convalescing GIs of Drew Field (Fla.) Hospital.

CAT NAPPERY. This feline mascot of AAF men at Marfa Field, Tex., is named Alonzo Gonzales Guggenheimer. His favorite spot is atop Sgt. A. L. Bohannon.

GROOVEY CONGA. Night club dancer Diosa Costello wriggles and Pvt. Robert Stiegman shags a a Santa Barbara (Calif.) Redistribution Center dance

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The Poets Corner

MAIL CALL

This is something worth writing a poem about.
This is something big with a capital B.
This is laughter and death,
Sorrow and joy, misery and ecstasy.
This is everything that life is,
Plus something like a miracle.
This is all the poetry in the world—
Yes, and all the music too—
Carefully folded up in odd-sized envelopes
And handed out with a heart-jumping yell.
"Atkinson! Balubowitz! Kelly!
Jones! Johnson! Schwartz!"—
Every name called.
And every name conspicuously not called.
A poem.

Yes, by God, a real poem.
Try this:
Melt all the poetry that ever was
In one great sum of metric beauty
Go ahead.
It won't hold a candle to this.
This bright thing,
This magic paper,
Unbelievably touched by known hands.

India —Pfc. JOHN R. COOK

THE BALLAD OF POOR JACK SALT

This is a tale that was told me
One night in a strange English town
While I stood in queue for a bus that was due,
And the wet English rain drizzled down:

Jack Salt was his name. Arizona he hailed from.
The Infantry claimed him. A mortar man, he
Enlisted at 18. The towns he had mailed from
Encircled the globe, were diverse as could be.
For nearly three years Jack Salt followed the mortar
To many far ports, over many a sea.
But it troubled him little. Jack ne'er wanted quarter,
Twas always the same thing he'd tell us: "You see,
This place is no worse than the next place they'll send us,
No better'n the last, so I say, what the hell?
Next station we ship to ain't going to befriend us.
It won't be Arizona. It won't suit me well!"

That's the way that he was. Jack took the Aleutians
In full stride. The South Seas could not put a sag
In his grin, for wherever Jack did his ablutions
Would do till the day he could pack up his bag
And make for the States, where he'd lead to the altar
His love, Arizona, and make her his wife.

Last Christmas, still moving, Jack shipped past Gibraltar
On a tub bound for Britain, and still full of life.

When she docked it was raining and right from that minute
Jack changed. He was never the same man again.
"England!" he'd snarl. "I hate everything in it!
For pete's sake I can't live much longer in rain!"
And he didn't. One night it cleared up for an hour
After six days of rain—then it started to pour
Harder than ever, Jack, looking more sour
Than we'd ever seen him, stood there in the door.

Staring out at it, he stood there for hours.
We sat playing poker; at length we turned in.
None of us sleeping, discussing the powers
Of rain and the weeks we all had been churned in
English mud. It was sometime past midnight we missed him.
I flashlit the doorway and there Jack revolved
On his heels, just outside, while the drenching rain kissed him
On his wild, upturned face!
And then
Jack Salt
dissolved!

No Jack Salt sung out the next morning at roll call,
(The rain was still falling) and none of us tried
To tell the weird story (they marked him down AWOL;
They carry him thus yet). They'd have said that we lied.
But I found his dog tags on the spot where he'd melted,
Twelve shillings in change and Jack's battered green pen,
Full of water, no doubt from the rain that had pelted
Its owner. We'll never see Jack Salt again!

And that was the tale that was told me
One night in a strange English town
While I stood in a queue for a bus that was due,
And the wet English rain drizzled down.

Britain —Pvt. DAN W. HARRINGTON

ONLY THE BRAVE

With bayonets they tortured him,
They tied him to a tree,
Hot coals they placed beneath his feet,
And pulled his fingernails free.
They hung him up, just by his thumbs,
His brow was damp with sweat.
But he refused to tell them where
He'd hidden his cigarettes.

Britain —Pfc. ALBERT DELLINGER

THESE ARE THE YEARS

If you pause on the threshold of a year
And wonder, had you not better wait
Before you cross, the drag of doubt and fear
Will slyly check your step and let the date
Pass by. These are the changing years when faith
Means most, and blessed are the strong in heart.
These are the years when the hand of fate
Is locked with yours across a board to start,
And then the struggle till a hand goes down,
Forever then, a slave. These are the years
When surety's the ace and bluffs are thrown
And conquerors oblivious to tears.
Steel then your stride and meet it like a king—
Step forward, you can master anything!

SLSU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

PORT OF EMBARKATION

One would never think,
Hearing the scratchy victrola
And the laughter,
That these men are soon to go.
(The bent cigarette butt tufted with black ash
At the bottom of the can,
The pattern of the plywood wall
Around the torn poster
And the sensitive face across the table,
Lips moving as he writes,
Eyes pausing to follow the fly on the magazine,
Eyes suddenly showing unfinished griefs.)

One would never think
They are to go so far from this room.
(The row of light bulbs,
The coke bottles,
The sound of an American city nearby
And, beyond the darkness, the ocean.)

One would never think
That some of them may not return.
(The handprint on the window,
The waterproof wristwatch,
The boy with the small, pale hands
Tapping his fingers on the chair.)

One would never think
Of such things
Or feel the ugly shudder
If one were alone with only the beating of one's heart,
If one did not hear them laughing.

Overseas —T-4 STAN FLINK

THE DEAD

Pray do not weep for those who lie so still
In shallow trenches; pity's not for such.
This valley where they fell is that much
Greener, those flowers on that crest of hill
Are tinted deep and lovelier where they bled.
Yes, pity those who make the coward's choice,
Who heed the hob-nailed boot and guttural voice,
Who calculate the odds, and live in dread.
But when you think of valiant men who chose
To fight, take courage, high resolve and pride
That they were your kind; march with firm bold stride.
With tearless eyes look up, as one who knows
That mankind must, to gain fields rich and bright,
First take, at any cost, the rugged height.

Italy —Pvt. ISADORE RUBIN

S	Y	A	O	D
I	N	L	I	L
R	A	N	F	M
O	J	E	K	A
D	C	I	R	Y

GET out that old address book—if you've still got it around—and check your total with this diagram. Here you can find the first names of at least 20 girls. No telephone numbers. See how many you can find.

Start with any letter and spell out a name by moving in any direction—horizontally, vertically or *diagonally*—to an adjoining square. Don't use the *same square* twice for any one name; you can repeat a letter if it occurs in different squares.

Example: JALNA—Start with J, move up to A, then diagonally up and right to L, then left to N, then diagonally up and right to A.

THE hair is blond, the eyes are blue and the name is Lizabeth Scott. Her other qualifications for pin-up immortalty are too obvious to mention in detail. She was a Walter Thornton model in New York for a while, but it didn't take long for Hollywood to spot her. Now she's on the West Coast, shaking her lovely head at movie cameras.

CROW-EATING DEPT.

IF all the guys who tried futilely to make sense out of a recent Beer Bet problem involving three glasses (the middle one being upside down) will just try to forget the whole damn thing, they will win the eternal gratitude of a Sad Sack who is also trying to forget the thing but can't because of the letters that keep pouring in. —Puzzle Ed.

ANAGRAMS

To play this, all you have to do is reshuffle the letters to form a new word. For instance, THING + K, rearranged, forms KNIGHT.

Here are 20 tough ones. Can you solve them within two hours? Don't peek at the answers.

1. NAILS + G
2. SINEWS + T
3. FERRY + A
4. SCYTHE + K
5. DOPESTER + O
6. LOADING + A
7. POTATOES + H
8. CHAINED + A
9. HARMONICA + S
10. SECTION + A

HOW OLD IS MARY?

THIS brain teaser, by Sam Loyd, the puzzle king of the early 1900s, still manages to stump even the experts.

Mary and Anne's ages combined total 44 years. Mary is twice as old as Anne was when Mary was half as old as Anne will be when Anne is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Anne. How old is Mary?

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

FOLLOW THE GIRLS. Mary, May, Enid, Doris, Jane, Ina, Lila, Marie, Joan, Dora, Ann, Lily, Lena, Lola, Fay, Kay, Nan, Cora, Jean, Mina, etc.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Signal. 2. Witness. 3. Rarely. 4. Sketchy. 5. Torpedoes. 6. Osteopath. 7. Hacienda. 8. Diagonal. 9. Maraschino. 10. Canoeist.

HOW OLD IS MARY? She's 21½. Check yourself and see.

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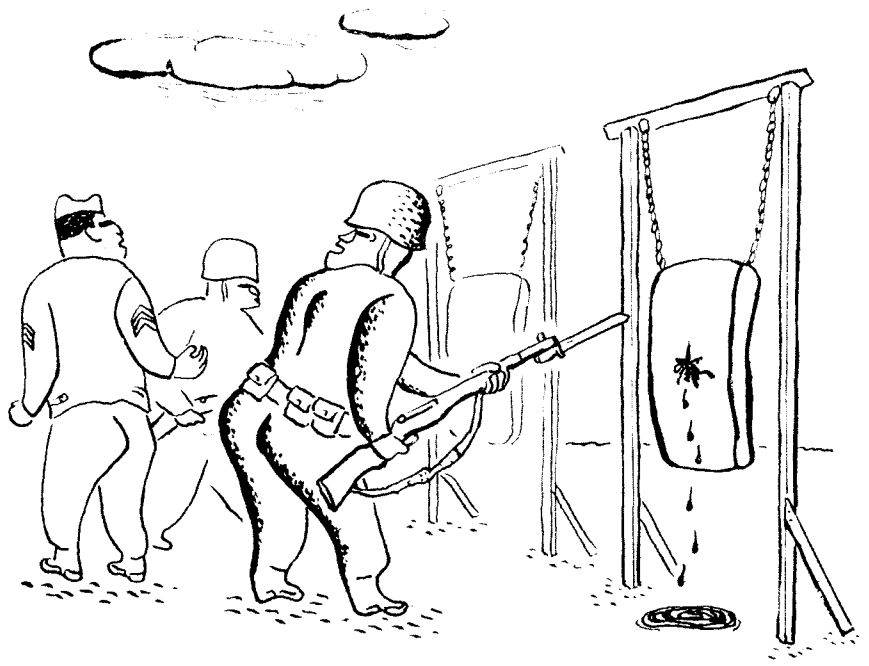

"You got a minute, sarge?" —Pfc. Som Dubin, SC, Baltimore, Md.

"But the bulletin board said this inspection was to be formal."
—1st Sgt. Dick Ericson, Fort Totten, N. Y.

PX

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THE RUBAIYAT OF MARGARET JANE TAGGS

Awake! The hosts of Dawn have put to rout
Night's misty legions; Brightness spreads about.
  The strident Whistle sounding urgently
Conveys its Message "wake, arise, fall out!"

The Moving Finger writes, and we may read
The Future, so abidingly decreed:
  For the Duration and for Six Months more
Our Piety and Wit is what we'll need.

Though some may moan and in Dejection sit,
While others, more rebellious, long to quit,
  Inexorably comes the Answer back:
"This is the Army; you Girls asked for it."

Into the Corps we came, and why not knowing—
Except that we must serve, our Fervor showing;
  And in it we shall serve, beyond a Doubt,
Although our Qualms are willy-nilly growing.

Some on a Past of rare Refinement dwell,
While others of a rosy Future tell;
  Yet many a Maiden, were the truth revealed,
Believes one Man, at hand, would do as well.

There's little Comfort in the thought that Thou
Art far away beneath some Foreign Bough,
  And if Thou hast a Jug of Wine besides,
Thou art more fortunate than I am, now.

Then let us to the nearest Tavern fly,
Seek swift Forgetfulness in Gin and Rye;
  Alas, for us no Solace from the Grape—
It is forbidden that a Wac get high.

Though Roses bloom where buried Caesars bled
And I shall nourish Daisies when I'm dead,
  The Dust I'll be concerns me not so much
As Dust the CO found beneath my bed.

The Past is dim, the Future far from clear,
But all we need to know is that we're here.
  Our Part is to obey, to Forward March!
Then, turning, march as briskly to the Rear.

When Time brings to a Close this hectic Span,
When Destiny unfolds another Plan,
  May One who goes this way, remembering,
Turn down for me an empty GI Can.

Washington, D. C. —**Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS**

Three Clerks

THE coffee, slugged with cream, took on a definite tinge of green.

"Bring some of this back to the barracks," said Cpl. Slurp, "and we'll write some letters."

"Ain't got paper," said Pvt. Johnson, the materialist.

"Also," said Pvt. Gillespie, "there's no use writing to anybody anyway. Everybody's shipping out and who knows when we might be next and who can think of anything else to write and who wants to read in a letter about everybody shipping out?"

"Nobody," said Pvt. Johnson.

The three clerks sipped their coffee with the customary hissing effects.

"Gillespie's barracks bags have been packed since 1943," said Slurp.

"A good soldier is always ready," murmured Gillespie.

"You ain't got coat hangers," said Johnson. "Everybody knows you ain't got coat hangers."

"In the Infantry I won't need coat hangers," said Gillespie. "In the Infantry you carry all your clothes in a pack."

"What makes you so sure it's the Infantry?" asked Cpl. Slurp irritably. "Lots of fellows get shipped out without going into the Infantry."

"My feet have been aching every night so I can't sleep," said Gillespie. "I got a hunch."

Cpl. Slurp spilled his coffee. "Take your damned hunches and ram them," he said, raising his voice. "They're not taking me in the Infantry."

"How do you know?" asked Johnson, who never spilled a cup of coffee in his life. "Nobody else knows."

"He's right," said Gilespie. "They won't take him. I saw his form in the orderly room, and it's got disqualifications all the way down."

"I saw it in the shower," said Johnson, "and outside of that spread-out fanny he's in as good shape as anybody."

"You can't tell by looking," grated Slurp. "I get headaches."

"You will," agreed Johnson. "Bigger and better as time goes by."

"Let's get out of here," said Gillespie.

In headquarters, a chubby Wac with spectacles was running off mimeograph forms.

"That the order with the Infantry shipment?" asked Slurp.

She nodded disinterestedly and he picked a sheet off the machine.

They were all there.

"I told you, didn't I?" said Gillespie. "Didn't I tell you? Didn't I warn you about the hunches? What a deal! All I've done for the Air Corps, they pasture me out. You're through; out you go—like that." He snapped his finger.

"Lots of other guys," said Johnson. "What the hell."

"Stupid. A mistake," said Slurp. "What about my headaches. It'll kill me."

"And your big fanny," said Johnson. "They'll whittle it down to skin and bone. We'll be able to see around it. What the hell, plenty guys getting it."

The sergeant at Camp Howze looked at the latest shipment from the AAF with cold eyes. "Fine body of men," he muttered. "Give me fresh civilians any time. And I could of been in France. Give me strength."

He looked at a typical member of the formation. "Hey, glamor boy," he said softly. "Pull back your shoulders and tuck in your wings."

"Never mind the cracks about my ears, big shot," growled the typical member. "You're not the only noncom around here."

The sergeant opened his eyes to half-mast. "Give a look," he said with a groan. "Stripes! That's all that flies around here, glamor boy. They fly all the time."

Everybody drilled for two solid days.

On the third day the sergeant called to Cpl. Slurp. "You like to keep that rating, corporal?" he asked.

"Sure, but not by killing myself with a bayonet," said Slurp.

"You're in luck," said the sergeant. "They're making you a clerk, so get out of here."

"My experience, I guess," said Slurp tentatively.

"No," said the sergeant.

"My headaches, maybe."

"Your fat butt," said the sergeant. "Drag it out of here."

Gillespie and Johnson watched Slurp walk away. Then they looked at each other and spit as one man.

Greenwood AAF, Miss. —**Sgt. ROBERT W. CAHOON**

"Oh, some cadet escaped from OCS."
—Cpl. James W. Bashline, Camp Lee, Va.

RETURN FROM FURLOUGH

I have been gone
These three weeks,
Yet all is the same,
All unchanged.

The barracks hut is cold,
The fires are dim.
Only a slight flicker
Reminds that men sleep here.

Soon in the quiet land,
Before the dawn,
In the shivering light;
They will arise, dress,

And yawning slowly
Trudge off to the line.
Hello, Nap. Back?
How was it?

But I am creeping too,
In the darkness.
And brightly lit streets
Are only a shadow.
Dancing women,
Only a memory.

Lincoln AAF, Nebr. —**Pfc. SAMUEL NAPARSTEK**

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GI Tex Rickard

T-4 La Combe

YANK SPORTS

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GULF DISTRICT, IRAN—When T-4 Allen La Combe, the Tex Rickard of the Persian Gulf Command, got his greetings in New Orleans several years ago, his reaction was probably different from any selectee's in the U. S. He threw a party for his draft board.

The blow-out was held in a local night club where Al had connections. There was a floor show, kegs of beer and inexhaustible supplies of liquor. Al invited all the other sad civilians in his quota, too. Some brought their wives. So did some of the Selective Service officials. But this didn't spoil the fun. Everybody imbibed freely and had a hell of a good time. In the small hours of the morning, selectees and draft-board members, sheep and butchers, went roaring home arm in arm, pledging beautiful friendships. It was an occasion New Orleans would long remember, as the papers pointed out next day. For La Combe, never a man to miss a trick, had not neglected to invite the news photographers.

Even the Army hasn't crimped La Combe's style much. As manager of the "Flying Longshoremen," a group of GI boxers at the dusty Army port of Khorramshahr on the Persian Gulf, he made international news not long ago when he challenged S/Sgt. Joe Louis to fight one of the PGC champs. He's still hearing from that one, still getting angry letters from GIs all over the world: "If Joe Louis ever goes to Iran, he'll knock you and that bum of yours right into the middle of the post-war period."

Al took nine PGC champions to Cairo last winter and won seven titles in the Middle East Championships. In the second annual PGC Boxing Tournament, Al's fighters from Khorramshahr won eight out of nine titles. Now Al's ready for Cairo again, or, better, the post-war bouts in Berlin.

Promoting boxing in the PGC has its occupational hazards. The tough GI stevedores at Khorramshahr hold La Combe personally responsible for everything that happens at the bouts. Though he was promoter, manager of one of the teams and announcer, Al had no responsibility for the judging or refereeing. But after one decision in the preliminaries the other night, Al didn't have a friend in camp. For three days he had to slip into the mess-hall kitchen unobserved to get something to eat. It seems the judges had awarded a close one to a fighter who also happened to be an MP.

Al's fighters swear by him, and with good reason. When the boxing champs went to Cairo last year, La Combe spent more than $1,000 of his dice winnings so they'd do all right in that inflation-hit city. If there are no trophies available for his champs, Al usually buys them with his own money.

To fighters who get slugged in the eye and come around for sympathy, Al says: "Youse mighta felt that blow in youah eye, but Ah felt it where it hoits most, right chere in mah haht." And he places a reverent hand over his heart. The PGC's smoothest operator actually talks like that, in a rich mixture of Brooklynese and Irish Channel-New Orleans accents. Real Brooklyn boys won't believe him when he says he's never seen the place. He probably picked up the Brooklynese from fighters and managers who hung around promoter Lew Raymond's New Orleans office, where Al first went to work when he was 14.

La Combe is a dapper fellow with sleek blue-black hair, a round face and innocent brown eyes. In an earlier day, he might have been a faro dealer on a Mississippi steamboat or a croupier in a New Orleans casino. As it is, he does all right with the slippery cubes; he's banked some $4,000 in winnings at the second-most popular GI pastime. He attributes his luck, both at dice and the fights, to a four-leaf clover he always carries in a cellophane case. His girl sent it to him.

The only pin-ups in Al's headquarters, a smoke-filled Service Club office at Khorramshahr, are of boxers, old and new, champs and never-weres. The place reeks of rubbing alcohol; three GI trainers work over the boys every night. Just outside the Service Club is a well-lit, fenced-off training arena, with all kinds of boxing equipment.

A few hundred yards away is the "Punch Bowl," Khorramshahr's new boxing stadium, which seats some 5,000 spectators. The former CG here, Maj. Gen. Donald Connolly, never missed the boxing tournament. Other distinguished visitors to GI fights in this part of the world have included Foreign Secretary Eden and ex-Secretary of State Hull.

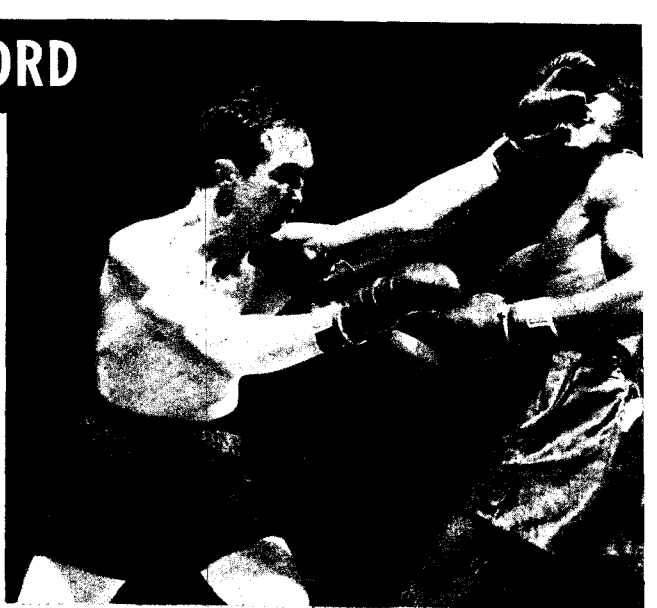
ALL of 23 years old today, Al was known to New Orleans as the "Boy Promoter." He made something of a name for himself running the New Orleans Turkey Bowl football game. He conceived the idea, promoted it for charity, secured flowers for the Queen of the Bowl, sold programs during the halves, announced most of the game and played left end during the fourth quarter.

But La Combe's promotional goose was almost cooked very early in his career when he staged a beauty contest to find "Miss Irish Channel" in New Orleans. The girls got talking together before the contest, and they found out Al had promised each one that she would win. There was a little trouble at first, but La Combe managed to pull through and the contest went off as scheduled. Al was heaving a sigh of relief when the grandmother of a losing contestant bore down on him with an umbrella. His left ear still bears the scar.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THE Merchant Marine has shifted **Ens. Charlie Keller** from convoy duty in the Atlantic to Pacific waters. He's a ship's purser. . . . **Cpl. Roy (Beau) Bell,** former Indians', Browns', Tigers' and everybody's outfielder, now has a Germany APO. . . Neither **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** nor **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** wears his overseas ribbons at public appearances, if that means anything. . . . Old-timers at West Point recall that **Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.** broke his arm three times while playing football and busted his studies once. . . . **Maj. Billy Southworth Jr.,** who completed 50 missions over Germany in B-17s, is now flying a B-29 and headed for you-know-where. . . . Frenchman **Marcel Thil,** the ex-middleweight champion, was twice decorated for his work with the FFI. He is now in the coal and wood business and serves as a part-time athletic instructor for the French Army. . . . If his eyes are strong enough, "Parson" **Gil Dodds,** the U. S. mile champ, will go to sea as Navy chaplain instead of doing missionary work in China. . . . **Lt. Cornelius Warmerdam** will be shipping out soon as an athletic officer aboard an aircraft carrier. Also shipping: **CPO Don Durdan,** Oregon State's Rose Bowl hero against Duke, who starred with Bainbridge in 1944.

Killed in action: **Pvt. Ed Stecz,** former Temple football ace, in Germany; **Lt. Tom Wilson,** son of baseball's Jimmy Wilson, in the Pacific after previously being reported missing from a B-29 mission; **Lt. Richard Schmon,** former Princeton football captain, in France. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Sgt. Hector Kilrea,** who starred with Detroit and Toronto in the National Hockey League, in France when machine-gun fire hit him in the leg and hand. . . . *Commissioned:* **CPO Bob Olin,** one-time light heavyweight boxing champion, as an ensign in the Merchant Marine. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Cmdr. Matty Bell,** SMU's former coach, as a full commander at the Georgia Navy Pre-Flight School. . . . *Discharged:* **Lt. Col. Tuss McLaughry,** Dartmouth football coach in 1941-42, from the Marines because he is over age. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Mel Queen,** 26-year-old Yankee pitcher, and **Clyde (Bulldog) Turner,** Chicago Bears' center, both by the Army. . . . *Appointed:* **Earl (Jug) Girard,** Wisconsin's running and passing star, to West Point.



BOXING LESSON. This bit of business with an open glove was one of the few tricks Cpl. Fritzie Zivic showed schoolboy Billy Arnold during their eight-

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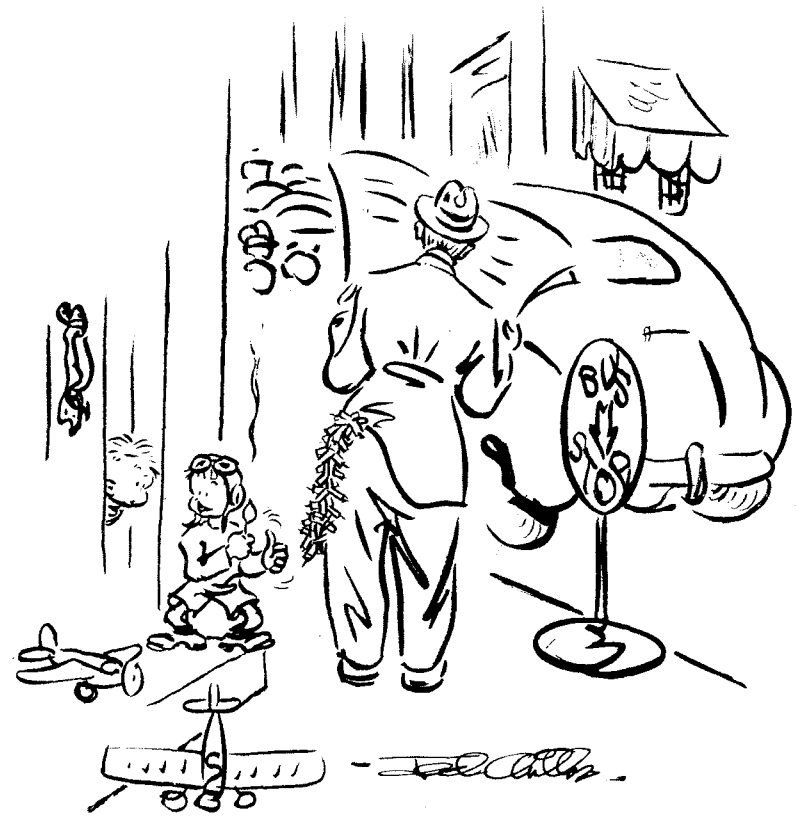
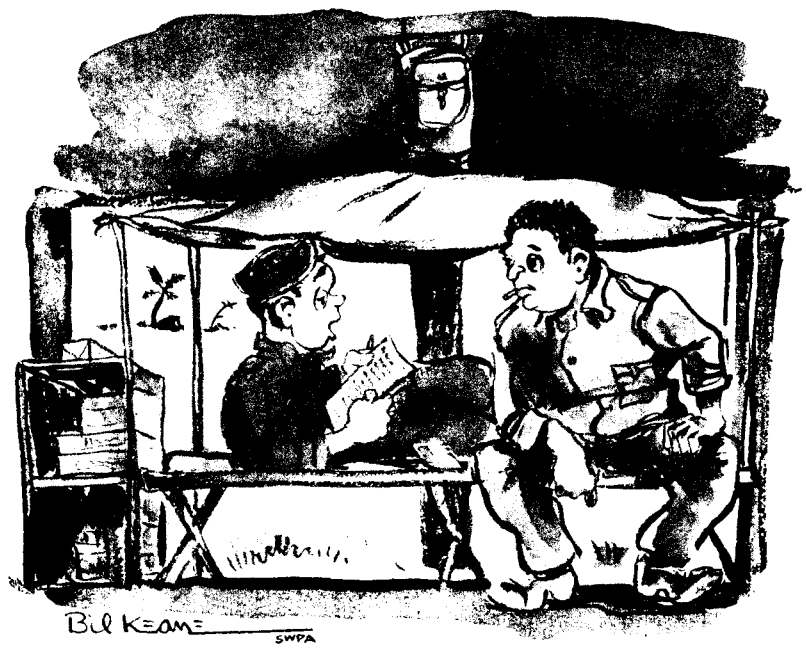
"LET'S BASH THAT CAP IN, LIEUTENANT, OR WE MAY FIND OURSELF WALKING AGAIN."
—Pvt. Willard G. Levitas



"THIS'LL GIVE THE BASIC FUNDAMENTALS OF JET PROPULSION."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller



"IT'S FROM MY OLD MAN. HE WANTS TO KNOW COULD I SEND HIM SOME CIGARETTES."
—Cpl. Bil Keane

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"BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT HE DID LOOK LIKE A DAME"
—Cpl. Michael Ponce de Leon

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